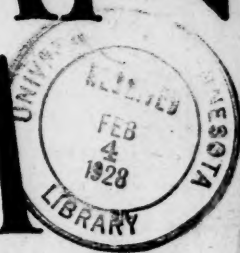


DOBROI IVAN

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

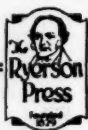


A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00
Published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

Vol. VIII No. 89
FEBRUARY 1928



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THE CANADIAN FORUM

General Editor: J. F. WHITE. Associate Editors: H. J. DAVIS, J. D. ROBINS, THOREAU MACDONALD
FRED JACOB, N. A. MacKENZIE, G. H. DUFF.

Published monthly by J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5. British Agents, Imperial News Company, Limited, Breems Buildings, London, E.C. 4; American Agents, Hotelling's News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City. Copyright, October, 1920.

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1928.

NO. 89

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FREE SPEECH AND HIGHER EDUCATION

THERE are those apparently in this year of our Lord, 1928, who believe, as did our antediluvian ancestors, that the best safeguard against possible danger and evil is total ignorance. They suggest that the only hope of saving Canada and Canadians from 'Red' contamination is to prevent them from even hearing the word communism, despite the fact that communism is a very real issue in practically every country in the world, and at present controls Britain's closest competitor in world empires. Whether communism is a menace to all that we hold dear is beside the point. To hold that ignorance of it is our best protection against it is sheer stupidity, and yet influential Canadian newspapers and certain prominent business men in Toronto viewed with disapproval and evident alarm a debate of the undergraduates of the University of Toronto on 'Communism.' University students, of all people in our country, should be best equipped to discuss such a topic with a maximum of benefit to themselves and the community that before long they must help to direct and govern. The University authorities have shown real wisdom in refusing to allow themselves to be stampeded into forbidding the debate. We wonder if McGill was flattered by the suggestion that such an event could not happen there. We trust that the authorities at McGill will consider this a libellous accusation and will provide a demonstration of their open-mindedness

by following the example of the University of Toronto.

MR. AMERY VISITS CANADA

THE Right Honourable R. C. M. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies and Dominion Affairs, seems to be doing a thoroughly good job in his visit to the various British Dominions, and he appears to please everyone, save the incorrigibles. To South Africa he carried assurances that did much to strengthen the hands of Hertzog in his efforts to convince his fellow-countrymen that the Imperial Conference and South African status really mean something. To Canada he brings a vision of a real British Empire, an Empire bound together by economic and commercial ties as well as by those of tradition and sentiment. An Empire in which the parts might help each other to create a whole that would stand as Rome once stood—without a peer in all the world. Is the vision a possibility? Undoubtedly a possibility, but hardly a probability, not so much because of the physical difficulties as of human inability to live long on dreams—however lovely—when an easier solution lies at hand. But one never knows. Visions have become realities, and perhaps we British and Dominion peoples can overcome 'little things' like distance, and economic facts, and human inertia, and win through to the reality of the dreams of Rhodes and Chamberlain, Amery and Mond.

NAVAL EXPENDITURE

NAVAL Budgets, like New Year resolutions, are very much in the air just at present. Failing to arrive at a satisfactory agreement with Japan and Great Britain, the United States has announced an 800 million dollar naval appropriation, probably the largest in history, and quite a tidy little sum for a country without overseas dominions of much account, who prides herself on being 'all out for peace'. Just why, or against whom, she is building is not apparent, but little matters of why's and who's are not very important when you have most of the money in the world at your disposal. Canada has decided to replace her worn-out navy of two vessels by two others at a cost of some 12 millions. National comparisons are odious—but there you are! Meanwhile Great Britain is trying to undo the harm done by the Geneva failure and is holding out very considerable 'olive branches' in the shape of real reductions in her cruiser construction.

YELLOW JOURNALISM

THOSE of us who deny the Americanization of Canada must have been chastened last month by the reports of the Snyder-Gray executions. A number of our own newspapers narrated the last moments of those criminals with a ghastly succulence and a chronological precision which would have been ludicrous had they not been nauseating. But these efforts were utterly outdone by certain New York papers in a witch's sabbath of ghoulish gloating and foul sentimentality so vilely blent that it was hard to say which was more sickening, the coarse manufacture of pathos or the currish sniffing at agonized human bodies. That, it may be said, is the private (or rather the public) shame of the United States, the loathsome distemper of a nation some members of which have recently urged that it should send Christian missionaries to Europe. But the invasion of Canada by such blackguardism is certainly our affair. Canadian papers are tainted by it; our streets offer its American products for sale. That such products should be excluded by law we should be the last to suggest; there is only one sound method of repelling the infection—the refusal of decent people to buy the papers, Canadian or American, which carry it. How long will Canadian public opinion continue by its acquiescence to make such indecency profitable? Are we merely a gang of Hottentots who happen to read English? The truth is, many of us do not know what decency is. We are so obsessed by sex that the beastliest vulgarity arouses no resentment in us if it happens not to mention certain human organs. We exclude James Joyce's *Ulysses* which (whatever its faults) has been lauded as great literature by very

sound and very orthodox novelists; we admit the tabloid press for which nothing can be said, or is said, except that it brings in the dollars.

THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAY

THE editors wish to thank Mr. Sandwell for his letter, in the January issue of *THE CANADIAN FORUM*. Mr. Sandwell is quite correct in pointing out that, while the River St. Lawrence, to, and into the sea, and all navigable boundary waters, are forever free and open for the purposes of commerce to the inhabitants and to the ships, vessels, and boats of both countries, Lake Michigan and all canals connecting boundary waters, existing or to be constructed, are open to the inhabitants of both countries only for the period that the Boundary Waters Treaty (1909), is in force.

We heartily concur in the hope that the St. Lawrence deep waterway and power scheme can be carried out, and Canadian ownership and control of the canals and power stations be retained. There is a tendency in certain quarters, however, to assume that the whole project is contrary to the best interests of Canada, without giving any real consideration to its legal, political, and economic advantages and disadvantages. Since the paragraph in question was written, several interesting articles on the question have appeared in various reviews and magazines, all of which is very much to the good; for the people of Canada cannot know too much about it. The editors wish to thank another reader for drawing their attention to an article on this topic in the *Geographical Review* of last April.

THOMAS HARDY

SO Thomas Hardy is dead, and gone to the Abbey. All except his heart, we are told, which lies in Mellstock (or Stinsford) churchyard with 'William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow, late at plough, Robert's kin and John's and Ned's.' What a queer dismemberment, and what a furtive, fascinating body-snatching story Hardy would have made of it or maybe is making of it in that other world which hides him from our sight. There is a grim satisfaction in the thought, yet some of those who have loved him longest and deepest would willingly forego it, if only he might lie where he meant himself to lie, near to the grass and the yew-trees and the hedgehogs. Did those who issued or sanctioned the decree which took him out of Wessex remember Wordsworth and Grasmere? Did they remember Hardy's poem 'Afterwards' and ask themselves whether those trembling words can ever read the same again: 'And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom, And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings, Till they rise again, as they were a

new bell's boom, "He hears it not now, but used to notice such things?" With this and other Hardy passages in mind the Abbey interment seems but a rough-and-ready tribute, less fitting somehow than that other tribute which we pay a poet by knowing him to the last syllable and conforming to it in our dealings with him and with his memory. This was a real and a religious reason for not taking him to Westminster. We can think of no other reason and can only commend the breadth of affection which now retracts the indignities of thirty years ago when Hardy was made to suffer in *tenebris* till he thought he was 'one born out of due time, who has no calling here.' The Spirits of the Years and the Pities and the Spirits Irony, who surely got into the Abbey ceremony somehow, must have found it hard to decide who should have the last word. But the Years probably capped or silenced the others by reminding them how slow and sure and fore-ordained has been the growth of this man's fame through half-a-century of seer-like vision and unrelenting labour.

WELCOME MESTROVIC

THE Toronto Art Gallery has, in one respect, been living in unfurnished apartments. It has had a Sculpture Court without sculpture of its own. Grave and grotesque Chinese figures from the Royal Ontario Museum have decorated it very pleasantly, but always with an air of being in storage or transit, and their unity of character has given the Court the look of a museum department. The Gallery is therefore to be congratulated on its recent acquisition of a large and representative work by the noted Serbian sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic. This is a good beginning. It must have been a considerable effort, and one hopes that it will not prove exhausting, and a hindrance to the healthy growth of the Gallery's collection. Mestrovic has been widely praised as 'The most significant, the most original, and the most extraordinary of living sculptors'. He should be a good man to have around. He should help us greatly in the forming of a local standard. Compare this severe, intense *Praying Mother* of his, for instance, with some of our Queen's Park statues. The purchase shows that there are people in Toronto who will and can buy work of achieved reputation at any price. All honour to their good sense, but may one humbly suggest that insight and faith in local ability are often the marks of the higher *connoisseur*. One sometimes dreams of a happy adventurer who will commission some of our growing talent, on faith, and the Mestrovic does not disturb such a dream. It stirs our students deeply, it will bring us art prestige, cultured visitors, and friendly millionaires. A work of art honours all art and encourages creation wherever it may be.

WEST COAST INDIAN ART

PERHAPS all good Canadians are bound to have something of the Indian in them, having inherited his country and so put themselves in contact with that earth-memory of hers at which our mystics hint. In time we shall likely develop a better Indian type of physique. The colour and build and action of the young people crowded around a supply-boat at the summer resorts certainly suggests it, though city life retards the tendency. That debated 'national art' of ours will probably resemble the Indian work even more than it does, and it should become more and more like his, 'no idle pursuit, but an all-essential function in every-day life', and so reflecting and recreating that life. Perhaps primitive people have some advantage in the fact that they commonly deal with larger fundamentals; the daily work of the savage, as Thoreau has said, becoming the sport of the civilized. The wolves, whales, salmon, and eagles of the West Coast Indians are certainly better motifs to begin with than our factories and motor cars. In looking at the West Coast Indian Art at the Toronto Gallery, one can easily share the enthusiasm of foreign authorities and critics over it. No knowledge of its ethnology is needed to enjoy the largeness of pattern of the formal painted designs, the elaborated finish and ingenuity of the carved and painted boxes, bowls, and rattles, the extraordinary combinations of conventionalized birds, animals, and human figures, and the happy sweeping arm movements of the brush work in the larger patterns. To one's fancy all the lines have the roll and crescendo of waves and the swoop of great birds and fish. The play of art is not often better seen than in these grotesque carved and painted masks. These are children pretending, but what clever children. This work must undoubtedly go into the fabric of our Canadian art, but not too directly; our umbrellas and fountain pens are not blubber knives and harpoons. The value of the Indian work for us is in its living contagious spirit.

BROKERAGE CHARGES

CANADIAN mining is now attracting international attention and as an investment centre for mining stocks the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange of Toronto now ranks next to London. It is only natural that the Canadian public should be clamouring to share in the exploitation of the north through the purchase of mining securities. In view of this it is time the directors of the Standard Exchange gave serious attention to the revision of their brokerage charges, which are at a higher rate than on any other stock exchange in the world. The present scale of brokerage charges was set years ago when the

turnover of shares was so small as to make it difficult for mining brokers to make a legitimate living. In three years, however, the transactions have increased from 69,000,000 to approximately 200,000,000 shares annually, so that the old excuse for keeping trading commissions at usury levels has disappeared. Presuming that the average price per share of these 200,000,000 shares was from 50 to 75 cents, commissions figured both ways, at \$10 per thousand, would amount to \$4,000,000, which, divided among fifty exchange members, makes an average of \$80,000 apiece. It was estimated that during a week's trading in the bull market last fall, mining brokers took in commissions approximately equal in value to the weekly gold production of the Northern Ontario mines.

If the new 1928 administration of the Standard Exchange wishes to keep the goodwill of the public for their organization, one of its first acts might well be to place brokerage commissions on mining stocks on a more equitable basis.

WHEAT-RUST RESEARCH

IF it is necessary to provide further justification for the policy of establishing research institutions in this country, that justification may be found in a recent accomplishment of the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory at Winnipeg. Two brief communications suffice to show that work has already been done in that institution which will be of first-rate importance to science and agriculture. Of the five stages involved in the life-cycle of the wheat rust and its congeners four alone have been understood. During one hundred years of investigation the fifth stage has remained a complete enigma. This embarrassing gap in our knowledge has at last been filled, and it will now be possible to feel that full degree of confidence in any proposed remedial measures which may have been reserved while the life-history of the parasite was incompletely understood. The experiments which led to this discovery are remarkable, apart from the keen insight and fine imagination which guided them, chiefly for the exacting nature of the manipulations. These involved picking up, one by one, hundreds, if not thousands of delicate microscopic spores and planting them out separately upon the leaves of the host plant. The demands upon the time, patience and perseverance of the investigator must have been well-nigh overwhelming. These experiments could not have been carried out amid distractions. It is not coincidence that they were performed within a research institution; such a place affords the only *milieu* favorable for work of that kind. Congratulations must therefore, be offered not only to Mr. J. H. Craigie, the author of the work, but also to all those whose efforts, long directed toward the founding of the Rust Research Laboratory, have received such prompt and striking vindication.

THE CANADIAN LABOUR MONTHLY

WE have received a copy of Number 1, Volume 1, of *The Canadian Labour Monthly*, a journal which will be devoted to the interests of the Left Wing of the Labour movement in Canada. It is published by The Worker's Publishing Association, 95 King Street East, Toronto, and in format and style it is fairly closely modelled on the *Labour Monthly*, which has been published in England for some years. For the most part the Labour Press on this continent has had rather a complacent flavour during the last decade or so, and has spoken in the voice of the 'Fat boys'—as the radicals impolitely call the smooth, professional, well-to-do labour leaders—rather than the rank and file of the manual workers. We can recommend *The Canadian Labour Monthly* to those of our readers who are likely to be interested in a 'radical' paper that really does go to the root of things.

BOY'S HANDS

Sometimes it's only shadows
When mother says it's dirt;
But I know it's only shadows,
'Cause I scrubbed them till they hurt.

I don't know where they come from.
My father says that he
Sometimes used to have them
When he was small like me.

My mother never has them;
Her hands are always white;
But just 'cause boys are different
To scold me isn't right.

Sometimes it's only sunburn;
Then dad and mother grin;
But I know it's only sunburn,
'Cause it's in, in, in.

R. K. GORDON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is edited by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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THE COURTING OF DOBROI IVAN

By J. BARTLET BREBNER

ONE cannot remain long in Soviet Russia without having it forced upon one that the energies of the state are being directed with the utmost vigour to the securing of national economic self-sufficiency. A compromise has been made between the early Communistic programme and present circumstance. After reducing the national economy almost to anarchy, the new state has fought its constructive way through doctrinaire disagreement and civil war within, through attack and counter-attack without, and through famine and pestilence, to the quantitative production of 1913, and even beyond. The direction of the whole national economy, agricultural and industrial, is a department of state, as are the controls of export and import trade. With the exception of agriculture, almost all production is carried out by state agencies. Again, with the exception of village barter, almost all buying and selling is in the hands of state or co-operative institutions. Prices are fixed by the state. This is possible in a land where imports from abroad are allowed not to compete with, but in moderation to fill gaps in, the national economy, and where exports are confined to raw materials like oil, timber, and fur, or to agricultural products which can compete successfully abroad because labour is so cheap at home.

But self-sufficiency entails not so much the further discovery and exploitation of the immensely rich and varied natural resources of Russia as the intense stimulation of her industries, and their extension to provide all but a few manufactured products, such as costly and intricate machinery or other complex and expensive articles for which there is at present a limited but important use. At present capital is being poured into the basic coal and steel industries to raise them from their low efficiency, in order to provide more cheaply for the dependent industries, which range from munition factories to those for agricultural implements. The next objective is likely to be the reorganization of the textile industry and, granted political stability and economic success, there is to be a continuous process of economic regeneration and creation.

N.B. For specific corroboration and statistical support of the summary statements in this paper, the reader is referred to the forthcoming (early in 1928) reports of the technical advisors who accompanied the unofficial delegation of American Trade Unionists to Russia in the summer of 1927. Their manuscript reports have been freely drawn upon, in particular that of Professor R. G. Tugwell on agriculture. The writer's own experience was acquired from travelling 4,000 miles by rail, and 1,000-1,500 miles by motor car in European Russia, chiefly in the Ukrainian Republic. He enjoyed the fullest co-operation of the authorities, who placed no obstacle whatever in the way of his going where he wished and questioning anyone he met.

Meanwhile the people of Russia are paying a stiff price in privation for the success of the programme. In order that their country may as soon as possible be in a position to ask favours from no other, and, like the United States, have the wealth to purchase such necessities as rubber in foreign markets, the Russian people are doing without luxuries and are paying rather high prices for manufactured goods of indifferent quality. Indeed, throughout the country there is a considerable famine of goods, which could, but will not, be satisfied by letting down the barriers to a flood of goods from abroad. The workers strengthen their sinews with the thought that what goods there are available are more evenly distributed than under the old regime and that privation now means strength to come. The leaders appeal to a consciousness of virtue to be derived from something like present economic equality and from the belief that it is better to exploit one's self for future benefit than be exploited by a foreigner.

So it comes about that when one talks to industrial workers or to the directors of the national economy, the language is like that of manufacturers and business men everywhere else in the world. Interest lies in factory routing, continuous assembly, 'Americanization', even 'Fordization'. It all seems a little strange in a country presumably so different from the giant of modern industrial technique, the United States. What is the meaning of the talk of costs and profits and piecework and incentives and increased production in an economy which ten years ago proposed to abolish money and escape from bourgeois concepts? A thorough answer to that question would require a separate volume. A brief answer can be given without too great abuse of truth. The Communistic Elysium has been postponed to take a place in time appropriate to the actual present condition of Russia and to the steps necessary to make Russia secure and independent. Meanwhile the hope is cherished that the final coping stones of the Communistic edifice may be put in place at a later date without political danger or a loss of the social benefits which are already so highly prized.

One explanation of the change lies in the character of Russia, particularly of European Russia, which, though only 21% in area, contains 84% of the population of the whole Union. European Russia is a great featureless plain of much farmland and few cities. In it seven out of eight men are peasants, and of these there are about as many as there are people in the United States.

That condition was revealed in the fact that there were two revolutions in 1917. The better advertised

was one made and guided by the urban proletariat. It secured political power, destroyed the rival classes, and seized their property. It made peace, defended the truncated fatherland, and set blithely about putting into instant execution the system which a more cautious Marx had indicated might be attained only after a long process of time. The period of 'war communism' (1917-1921) was an attempt to telescope in time the Marxian calendar, an attempt clouded and confused by the necessity of subordinating almost all activity to the task of repelling attacks from abroad and securing unity within.

Meanwhile the second revolution had occurred, almost unnoticed abroad, and had effected something very like a permanent change, a sort of climax in the long struggle upward of the Russian peasantry. While Bolsheviks in the cities argued and frantically organized, almost mad with a mixture of new doctrine and responsibility, the peasants ejected the landlords, seized the lands, and destroyed the records of their tenurial and financial dependence. They then salvaged all the productive machinery they could, guarded it and their new-won lands most jealously, and in an inconspicuous manner hammered out as equitable a distribution of property as they could among themselves. They had plenty of worries in the attentions of Red and White and foreign armies, and probably they were almost unconscious of the fact that their revolution had given them a somewhat more real mastery of Russia than the spectacular explosions in Leningrad and Moscow.

Their mastery became obvious when the government began to run short of bodily sustenance for its workers, whether in factories or offices or armies. It tried to secure peasant contributions for the mere subsistence of its experiment by the propaganda of its political and social doctrines. When that and paper money failed, it tried force. The peasants on the whole preferred the Whites, at least until the latter were seen to be landlords unchanged. The next steps were resistance to, or conversion of, the Red Army detachments which had been sent to confiscate. Another obvious rejoinder was the limitation of planting to areas sufficient only for local needs. The combination of these policies was sufficient to embarrass the cities and the government to the point of a change of policy. In 1921 Lenin swung Russia back to a gold-backed money economy, and from that time to this the greatest single problem of the administration, or at least the factor which has to be given major consideration in almost every decision of policy, has been the economic relation of worker and peasant.

In 1917 most foreigners were astounded by the Bolshevik proposal to make an agricultural country into a Marxian Paradise. It seemed like imposing Trade Unionism on South Sea Islanders. Time has shown that their amazement was justified. Not only

have the peasants remained petty capitalists, but their mere passivity has diluted urban Marxism to Leninism. Yet it would be a very great mistake to suppose that the obvious failure and the present compromise necessarily betoken complete defeat. Perhaps they do. Time must be called upon to decide. But at present there is in Russia no confession of defeat, but rather a tremendous determination to force an affirmative answer to the two questions: (1) Can the peasants be made to produce more for *national* use? (2) Can they be socialized? This is the courting of Dobroï Ivan for the lawful and lasting matrimony of Worker and Peasant under the *aegis* of Hammer and Sickle.

Before abandoning the allegory it should be said that Ivan has a satisfying spouse in Dame Conservatism, and she has lulled him into a tradition of behaviour and usage from which only a determined and seductive rival can win him. The Russian plain is a sermon in sameness. Even its great rivers have dug themselves deep clefts in the soil and thus hidden their almost immutable courses from view. There are a few locomotives to trace a light skeleton of traffic north and south and east and west, but one feels that they might easily be blown from their right-of-way by any one of the solid and pauseless winds that flatten presumptuous obstacles to their unbroken sweep. There are myriads of road-spaces, but almost no real roads, and even the road-spaces sometimes disappear beneath the plough. The organization of rural society and economy is, with one exception, a living demonstration of what Western Europe practised in the middle ages. The student of medieval history can here find the manorial and village systems, little changed except that the castles and manor houses and monasteries have either been wiped off the slate or converted to social purposes of the state. The peasants live in compact villages and go out each morning with tools and animals to work the strips in an open-field system of a simple, probably triennial, rotation, on land which extends perhaps as much as ten miles until it meets the lands of surrounding villages. In spite of nomadic tendencies which still reveal themselves in the groups met travelling on holidays by cart along the roads or in the 'camping' population of any railroad station, peasant life is *village* life broken only by occasional visits to towns and shrines and, very rarely, to cities. This is the economy and society which it is proposed to galvanize to consciousness of, or at least a great rôle in, the programme of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Interestingly enough, there are some striking combinations of ends and means in the dual attempt to socialize and to increase productivity, just as there are dangers that an increase in any productivity by appeal to personal acquisitiveness will tend toward individual rather than social wealth. It is obvious, for instance, that if a higher agricultural efficiency

is to be secured by communal field operations by machinery, the process involves social action which can be given a socialistic rather than an individualistic container, let us say, in the form of an agricultural co-operative. In the same way, if greater crop yields with less expense for fertilization can be derived from a seven than a three-year rotation of crops, and if such a rotation needs an area nearer to that of village than of individual lands, it may be possible to socialize a village into a single buying, operative, and selling institution. Such lessons learnt locally might with dexterity become an effective analogy for a socialized nation. Some such creed, stimulated strongly by the urgent need, not only of sustenance, but of surplus for national capital increase, seems to be the actuating force behind the present governmental policy.

Aside from all other considerations, it is a gallant task to attempt the wholesale conversion and education of a hundred and twenty million peasants, particularly when the financial means are scanty. Some of the equipment is an inheritance from the old regime. Some of it, such as country houses, monasteries, and well-equipped farm establishments, has been diverted from private to public use. Much has been added to these foundations. Although there is no Commissar for Agriculture for the whole Union, and each of the six Allied Republics directs its own agricultural programme, there is for the whole of European Russia at least, a series of comprehensive directorships which are partially co-ordinated by the national economic plan (Gosplan) for agriculture. The working apparatus is a combination of well known schemes with some notable local adaptations. Thus there are agricultural colleges in many centers and, while they train actual and potential farmers, their greater task is the education of agronomes, or agricultural civil servants, who go out to the countryside to live there and assist the peasants in improving their cultures. Originally of uneven quality, this small army of men is not only being steadily augmented, but its members are being graded according to their capacity, and where necessary withdrawn for further education. Similarly, there are between sixty and seventy government experimental stations (both for field and animal cultures) in the Union, and not only are the products of their research conveyed to the peasants by the agronomes, by poster propaganda, and by free excursions, but a new policy of setting up miniature experimental stations in the villages is being vigorously prosecuted. There are now 12,000 of these in the Ukraine, and the schedule for next year is 38,000. The general system is rounded out by animal breeding stations, tree and vine nurseries, apiaries, local stud depots, and stations for the distribution of standard seed. In quality and comprehensive character the whole apparatus is admirable by any standards, in its

quantitative application it is among the world's most effective organizations of a similar sort.

As in all fields of endeavour in the new Russia the principal difficulties are financial, and this becomes particularly obvious when observation is directed to such problems as the introduction of power machinery or the gradual entry upon such an experiment as a seven-year rotation of crops. The Russian response to these problems is characteristic—state credit, and co-operative institutions. Thus a village, where two-thirds of the inhabitants are willing to change their method of cultivation, may have its lands re-surveyed and re-allotted on a basis suitable for large-field mechanical cultivation and a long rotation. Its members, or the members of any village, can organize in several kinds of co-operatives, i.e., for purchase of machinery, stock, seed, or general commodities, for the reception of credit or for the organization of a local credit-granting institution, or for the sale of their surplus products in the outside markets. Every encouragement possible is given to such co-operatives, and their increase in the last three years has been phenomenal, although Russia is so vast that as yet the traveller in country off the railroad lines has to keep his eyes open to discover many traces of the consequent change. At the same time consistent precautions are taken to prevent the growth of class divisions among the peasants on the basis of gradation in wealth. Thus credit is free to very poor peasants and they are not taxed, whereas the richer pay handsomely (in fact, at a rate which it seems they can hardly afford) for their borrowings and are much more heavily taxed. Another example of discrimination is such a local regulation as that a group which wishes credit for the purchase of a tractor must contain at least fifteen 'poor' peasants. Agricultural news from Russia seldom gets into the foreign press, but at every annual Congress of Soviets since 1923 agricultural relief and credits have played so large a part that they have crowded their way into most of the out-going press reports. The whole movement has recently received additional publicity from the fact that it has developed into one of the principal issues between the Stalin group and the Trotsky opposition in the Communist Party. The recent defeat of the latter presumably entails the defeat of their proposals for a 'forced loan' of grain from the peasants (who are accused of hoarding) and a revision of peasant taxation designed to diminish their alleged tendencies toward re-creation of a landed bourgeoisie.

Space does not permit the mention or discussion here of the large number of conditioning and even contradictory circumstances affecting the process which has been merely outlined above. It must be sufficient to say that it is going on, is steadily increasing, and steadily improving in quality. Yet, if the

peasant could be consulted, he would almost inevitably declare that his problem was not one of the production of enough food for himself and his family, or even of a saleable surplus (this averages about 20% of his crop). That he can manage and does. On an average he is himself consuming as much grain as he did before the war, but is beginning to use some wheat flour instead of confining himself to rye. He is using about the same amount of butter, but he eats about 8% more eggs, 15% more meat, and 43% more milk. Moreover his land is now his own as long as he uses it and he no longer pays rent. It has been computed that before the revolution peasant rents amounted to two hundred million dollars annually. A computed seven hundred million dollars of debts also disappeared with the revolution. The average annual tax rate per person was \$5.06, and is now \$3.96. Yet in spite of these obvious advantages and the policy of governmental assistance, the peasant faces one perpetual problem in the disparity between the prices he receives for his products and those he must pay for manufactured articles.

This difficulty has received publicity abroad because it is a difficulty which loomed large everywhere in the years of economic readjustment after the war. Everywhere the farmer found himself at a great disadvantage as a result of a sudden change in the relation between agricultural and industrial prices, to which the nature of his occupation and financing allowed him very slowly to accommodate himself. Moreover Trotsky summarized the situation in a vivid, if somewhat inappropriate, phrase by calling it *The Scissors*, and some of the endless discussion and dialectic in Russia which has centered about 'closing *The Scissors*' has found its way abroad. It has not always been realized; however, that the Russian apparatus for remedying the disparity is radically different from any other in the world. In Russia the government sets prices, and in Russia, within certain limits, the government has not hesitated to hammer down the prices of industrial goods and raise those of agricultural products. It has been engaged in this activity for the last four years and while it has not been by any means continuously successful, its performance since December, 1926, has resulted in small but quite perceptible 'closing of *The Scissors*'. The peasants' great complaint has been heard and the situation improved to the point of his being probably only slightly worse off, so far as quantity is concerned, than in 1913. The quality, however, is undoubtedly worse and needs to be improved.

Two features of this situation must be mentioned, even if there is not space for detailed discussion. The first is peasant self-sufficiency. The average peasant markets only 20% of his annual produce, and spends about 60% of the return from this on textiles. It is apparent that even in a land of 'goods famine' his

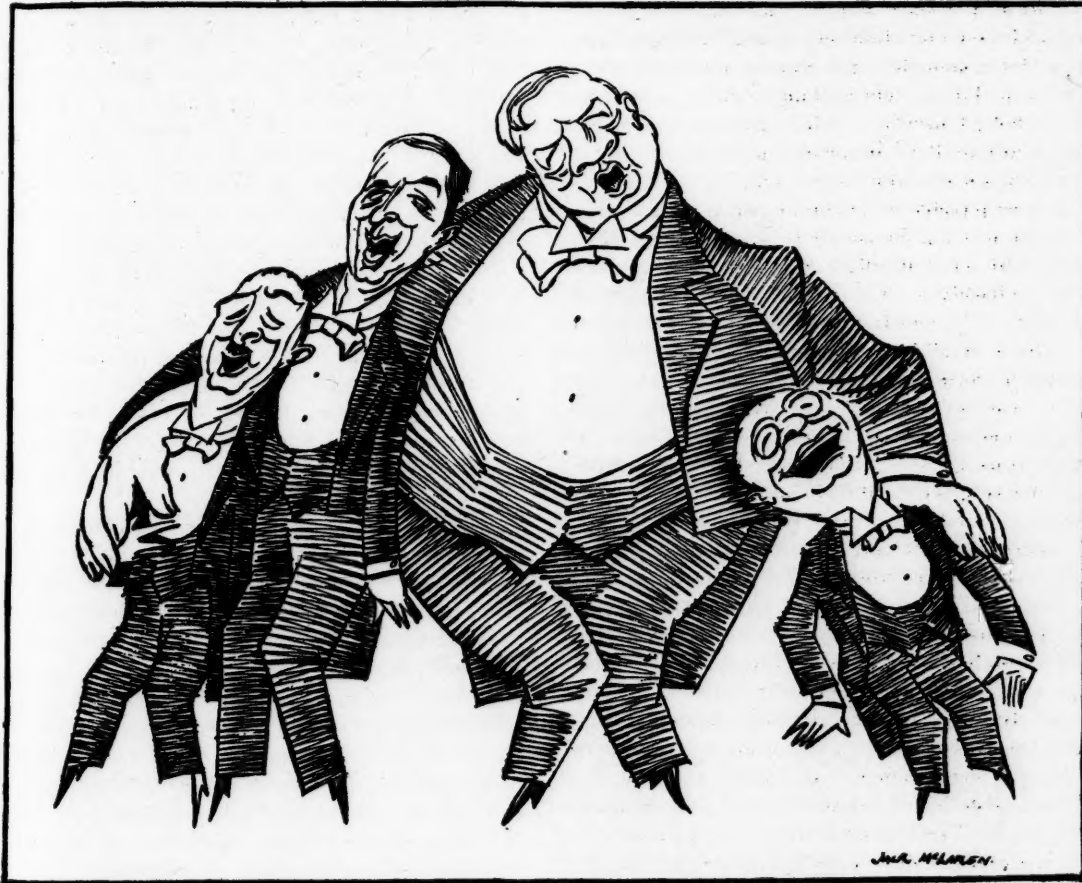
'hunger' for goods is narrowly confined. Consequently, even if the present industrial equipment of Russia could satisfy more than existing demands, there is plenty of scope for the awakening of the peasant to new 'wants' and for consequent increase of production to satisfy them. At present his demands are much less diverse than those of the factory workers and one of the reasons for this is undoubtedly the extensive home handicraft (*Kustarny*) industry. This activity was deliberately discouraged in the days of War Communism and suffered also from lack of certain necessary outside supplies. As a germ of bourgeois economy it is still suspect among old orthodox Communists. Nevertheless, it is now carried on in greater volume than in 1913 and there is no question but that its varied products (cloth, leather, pottery, carpentry, etc.) are a considerable element in local barter of agricultural products and that this helps to diminish the total of foodstuffs reaching the general market. It is known, for instance, that the revenue from finished products sold by certain groups of '*Kustarny*' co-operatives is less than the cost of raw materials bought by them. All that the government seems assured enough to do at present is to encourage co-operation in home industry. In this it has been quite successful.

The second feature referred to above is the general economic validity of price fixing, which in Russia is inevitably to some degree irrespective of production costs and can, thanks to state control of exports and imports, be nominally independent of world prices. The character of this issue can best be indicated by pointing to the outstanding conditioning circumstances. The most notable of these in relation to manufactured articles is unquestionably the success or failure in securing sufficient capital equipment and enlarging production sufficiently to make Russian industry much more efficient in production costs than it is at present. This process is of course greatly facilitated by the state-wide economic plan (*Gosplan*) and control of nearly all large industry. Capital can be secured, as suggested, by the sale abroad of such raw materials as oil, timber, fur, and surplus agricultural produce. It is not present policy to permit any wholesale introduction of it by foreign concessionaires, although many separate instances can be given. Some Russian industries operate at a profit and the practice is to invest this in those which do not, as well as to seize the opportunity for a useful reduction in prices. It might be added that State direction of industry eliminates for immediate purposes the possibility that arbitrarily lowered prices will result in cessation of production.

The most notable circumstances in relation to prices for agricultural products are the low standard of living and the fertility of the 'black soil' regions, which together permit so low a production cost that

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—II.

RT. HON. WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING, ETC.



Hold it, Boys—Hold it!

It was the intention to give an impression of our Premier this month. The recent visit of the Rt. Hon. L. C. S. Amery, with his 'Commonwealth Harmony Four' idea, prompted this picture of the Quartette in action. Like all quartettes they have their little temperamental troubles at rehearsals but manage to 'knock them cold' at all their public appearances. Left to right they are, J. J. Coates, First Tenor, New Zealand; Stanley Bruce, Second Tenor, Australia; William Lyon Mackenzie King, Basso Profundo, Canada and L. C. S. Amery, Baritone and Lead, England.

By JACK McLAREN.

most of the products of Russian farm land can compete successfully in foreign markets in spite of poor agricultural technique and poor transportation. As yet the problem of agricultural surplus and its depressing effect on internal prices is not a Russian one. If Russia can be made more productive she will become more wealthy, at least until the real wages of her peasants greatly raise production costs. Moreover, a comparison of present prices in Russia with those outside reveals that it is still possible to raise the peasant's remuneration by a small amount (varying with the commodities) without rendering an export trade in farm products unprofitable to the state. On the whole, however, if The Scissors are to close further, most of the movement must come from reduced prices for manufactured articles.

It is now possible to round out this general sketch by mention of one promising development now in progress, and of one difficulty which seems likely to increase in intensity. The former is the intelligent encouragement of industries which are secondary to agriculture in that they depend on it for their raw materials, or encourage diversity of farm cultures, or both. Such industries are refrigeration plants, slaughter houses, meat-packing houses, butter and cheese factories, soap and leather works, canneries, sugar refineries, flour mills, distilleries, and wineries. The Russian combination of planning nationally both the industrial and the agricultural economy has strikingly revealed their interdependence and the lesson has not been lost. In fact it might be said that much of the enthusiasm and capital which in an earlier period of the revolution were being devoted to overly ambitious schemes of electrification, are now being turned to the erection of more immediately productive institutions like bacon factories and creameries. This development is encouraging, and being encouraged by, the parallel policy of intensification and diversification of agriculture. An example can be seen in the use of maize as a year's crop in the new long rotations. Russian peasants do not take kindly to corn meal, but Russian pigs will eat corn, and Russian cattle corn silage. A further step which has barely begun is the operation of factories which turn this raw material into corn starch and corn syrup.

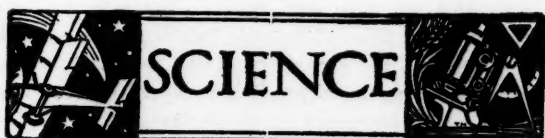
The difficulty which shows no sign of diminution is the one which is perhaps least likely to occur to a foreigner—the overcrowded condition of rural European Russia. At present this is revealed in the small size of individual land holdings, in spite of the confiscation of the large estates and the general fairly equitable re-division. It receives additional emphasis from the high Russian birthrate. It is, of course, most notable on the most fertile lands, as for example, the Ukraine, where the average density is 164 persons per square mile, with considerably higher concentrations in its most favourable areas. An additional consider-

ation is that mechanization of farming means the setting free and probably the economic dislodgement of a large number of workers now actively engaged in the more primitive and more time-consuming agricultural methods. What is to happen to them? There is already a movement to the cities which may possibly have some relation to present rural overcrowding. Even granting that there be no increase in this migration, industrial unemployment is already a serious problem in Russia, and the authorities concerned hold out small hopes of its early appreciable diminution. Here is another imperative reason for keeping Dobroi Ivan contented in his village. At present the scanty resources of the republics allow little more than the relief of overcrowded villages by the creation of new ones in nearby unoccupied or thinly occupied land. This is usually likely to suffer from some climatic or other handicap, but in the Ukraine, for instance, 120,000 families have been established in 3,000 new villages. It would seem, however, that something more radical is necessary, and the probability is that there must be a migration following the famous black soil as it swings around the lower end of the Ural Mountains into Asia. Empty and fertile Siberia must be colonized as the American prairies were colonized last century and somewhere the money must be found to build the necessary railways.

To sum up then, it can be said that the revolution is still going on in Russia and that, while its urban leaders state that they have abandoned any immediate prospect of a Communistic state, they insist that they have merely postponed it, and they are endeavouring constantly to move towards its accomplishment by progressive socialization of Russia and increase of its self-sufficiency without treason to their basic principles. Clearly their greatest task is the conversion of the peasant, not only for the sake of inner harmony and solidarity in the progress to Communism, but for the sake of the sustenance of their state and the growth of its capital resources. The urban worker is enjoying a very considerable improvement of his status. The peasant can set against it on his own account his possession of his land and his greater freedom from debt and taxes. Neither can he fail to be aware of the interest taken in him by the government, however much he may chafe at the quantity and quality of manufactured goods. On the whole, Dobroi Ivan is being actively courted and presumably he is slightly aware of it no matter how volubly he protests. He has a tendency to hoard grain, particularly when his village radio announces daily the imminent likelihood of a war with 'perfidious Albion', and this occasionally brings him into conflict with tax-collectors and inquisitive agricultural authorities.

The total situation resolves itself into an equilibrium between the energy behind the Communist programme and that behind the national petty capitalism

of the peasants, the whole being conditioned by the fact that agriculture is the basic economy of Russia. It is a fascinating interplay of forces and it would be a bold man who would prophesy its outcome, even granting no military expenditures either in offense or defense. Urban and governmental self-consciousness enjoys certain obvious advantages over its peasant equivalent, and other things being equal, the worker might and does exploit those advantages. But other things are not equal. Seven men out of eight live in the villages and possess the national food supply. Stimulation of peasant economic consciousness for the purpose of increased production, means some sort of an increase in general self-consciousness. There is the recognized possibility that that self-consciousness may be made to contribute to the designs of the governors by enclosing it in collective economic enterprises, by accompanying it with increased political practice, and by bringing strong supporting influences to bear through the educational institutions. One can speculate almost infinitely on what the future holds, and this aspect of it in Russia is of paramount interest. One can, however, probably be certain of only one thing—Dobroi Ivan is not being neglected.



THE NEW NATIONAL POLICY

SIGNS of a re-awakening public interest in the rôle of science in national affairs are, at the present moment in this country, multiplying apace. In the antedeluvian days prior to 1914, aside from some of our professional scientists, few people in Canada gave this matter serious consideration and fewer still gave it a place in public discussion. This complacent attitude was rudely disturbed by the war: the sole virtue of that cataclysm is that it shattered complacency of all sorts. It was then discovered that the remarkable military efforts of Germany owed their power largely to science and that science would have to be laid under requisition on our side also if those efforts were to be met and frustrated. Under the pressure of war, science very soon became a fetish and for a time the word 'research', in every bad variety of pronunciation and connotation, took a prominent place in even the most limited vocabularies. But when the year 1918 drew to a close, the world having been made safe for the next fetish, democracy, public interest in science rapidly waned. It had been aroused chiefly by the necessities of a war which had now become a repugnant memory, and so, with the war it retired into the background of men's minds.

Meanwhile, however, the Government of Canada had established the National Research Council and this body has continued to function through the post-war period, providing, among other things, the means of ensuring continuity of public interest in science at a time when it has been badly needed. In the eyes of the public its chief *raison d'être* has seemed to be the distribution of the funds at its disposal in support of scientific work and workers wherever support seemed likely to be productive. A less generally known and still less well understood service rendered by the Council has been the pressure which it has exerted in its advisory capacity upon the Government for the founding of a Research Institute. In the opinion of those who have considered most carefully the question of how best to place the benefits of Science at the disposal of the whole country, this service takes second place to none in its importance.

It is gratifying that the efforts of the Council in this direction appear now to be about to bear fruit. At the recent conference of the Federal and Provincial governments the founding of a Research Institute was discussed and it would appear that the Federal authorities received sufficient encouragement to give them confidence to proceed. If action is now to be taken, it is imperative that it should be adequate to the requirements. How a Research Institute could be made to serve the diverse needs of the whole country may not at first be obvious, but a brief analysis of the present state of science in Canada is sufficient to make it clear.

Scientific research in Canada is carried on in the Civil Service, in the Universities and to some extent in the laboratories of manufacturing companies. The governmental scientific services are necessarily diverse and decentralized. The scientific work of the Department of Agriculture, for instance, is pursued in numerous experiment stations and laboratories scattered over the whole country. The time of the staffs of these institutions, as well as their appropriations, is divided between research and the missionary enterprises of extension work among the farming communities which they serve. Our several Universities are, for the most part, local in their nature and have, therefore, serious local responsibilities. All are strictly limited as to their financial resources. Moreover, here again the staffs have a dual function, and the funds must serve a double purpose: teaching and research. Most Canadian industries have not yet grown to the point where either their resources or their convictions are sufficiently strong to provide themselves privately with more than the irreducible minimum of scientific assistance. Scientists in the direct employ of industry in this country are still occupied more largely with regulatory duties than with research. In fine, it is true that with pitifully few exceptions,

there are no scientists in Canada whose whole business is research. Almost all are able to devote to research only what dregs of time and energy are left over from other important and often multifarious duties.

Now any scientist of experience will agree that there is certain to come a time and usually very soon, when the problem immediately before him will demand his concentrated and undivided attention for its solution. Distractions of any kind, however essential and praiseworthy in themselves, will be fatal to the research. The more important the problem the more likely is this to be true; so true, indeed, as to be trite. One function of a Research Institute is therefore apparent and that is to provide a place where the professional investigator may be shielded from disturbance of any kind; a sort of asylum, where forgotten by the world and forgetting it, he may burn his midnight oil in peace.

It is a further quality of many important researches that they demand laboratory resources so costly as to be beyond the means of any of our present scientific institutions with their diversified functions. 'I estimate,' said one Professor of Chemistry to his students, referring to a particularly beautiful and valuable piece of work accomplished by a German at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, 'that this man must have employed over 100 lbs. of phospho-tungstic acid alone, to say nothing of other reagents, in the course of this preparation. With phospho-tungstic acid at \$24.50 a pound, will you tell me how work of this character could possibly be carried on in our laboratory upon a scale large enough to ensure success?' The initial cost of valuable experimentation is something which cannot be circumvented. It is as useless to expect the scientist to make bricks without straw as it is to expect him to make them successfully and in large numbers with his left hand while his right hand is engaged in some other occupation. A second function of a Research Institute would be, therefore, to provide the resources without which scientific research often becomes a farce painful both to the scientist and to those who await his results, and which, because of their great cost, cannot be provided nor, perhaps, efficiently utilized in our existing diversified institutions.

Precisely what the Government proposes to do in the way of appropriation for this purpose is, at the time of writing, unknown. Newspapers hint at two millions. Twice that sum would be more nearly adequate. If instead of looking in paralytic consternation at the large expenditure necessary, the Canadian public and Government could have been induced to believe that this expenditure would be returned to the country in taxable wealth over and over again, an adequate appropriation would have been made long ago.

Whence comes this lack of confidence? Innumerable examples plainly show what profit accrues from the earnest application of science in industry. An institution such as the well-known Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company (Delco) has built up with praiseworthy imagination and self-confidence, an immensely profitable business out of engineering research alone. Maintaining a huge experimental plant in which millions are expended annually, but not a single article manufactured for sale, this corporation nevertheless realizes, in hard cash, enormous profits from its undertakings. A large motor manufacturing concern thought nothing of expending hundreds of thousands in a single investigation of heat conduction through a variety of cylinder-walls because of the certain knowledge that the improvements resulting would yield profits in terms of millions. This sort of thing is a commonplace among those who have seen the light.

What applies to private applies with equal force to public enterprise. The Prime Minister of Canada has stated that his experience has convinced him that most of the problems of Government resolve themselves, in the last analysis, into problems of taxation. With this we may well agree. Nor will we deny that the difficulties of taxation problems are eased in proportion to the prosperity of the country. It only remains to our statesmen, if they would relieve themselves and the country of the burdens of which they now complain, to believe that the earnest cultivation of science will have an effect upon the prosperity of the country which can be obtained in no other way, and believing, to translate this belief into forthright action. This is the New National Policy which Professor J. C. McLennan urged so forcefully upon his hearers recently at Ottawa. At one point he said:—'Protection is a defensive measure, a necessary defensive measure at times, but if you are going to win real and lasting victories, the National Policy that I would give you would be: "Science in the Civil Service and Science in Industry". I venture to say that greater progress will be made and greater wealth, greater happiness and greater contentment be secured for our people by the application of that policy than by any other that our statesmen can put into operation.'

It is appropriate that the Professor should thus refer to the effect of science upon other sides of life than material prosperity, for science properly viewed, has a significance far wider than this. It affects just as strongly the intellectual life of a people. A fine experiment is as beautiful as any traditional work of art and the conceptions of the universe made possible by science transcend the pure speculations of philosophers. The man who by chance or by design fails to cultivate an appreciation of the beauty of science is

no more to be admired than he who denies himself understanding of good music or good literature. Science is becoming humanized; the present emphasis upon its material benefits is merely a developmental phase. But if the intellectual life of a people is to profit by the humanization of science, and if they are to aid in accomplishing it, they must be familiar with it and live with it constantly among them. This is

the state toward which we are most certainly if irresolutely moving. In the society of the future the New Humanism will go hand in hand with the New National Policy. The present need is for that spark of imagination and that energy of conviction in our political leaders which will ensure our early progress toward that goal.

G. H. DUFF.

ON TEACHING WHAT IS NOT KNOWN

By B. K. SANDWELL

THESE is hardly anything now that schools and colleges will not undertake to teach, if they can induce or compel anybody to be taught it. This is because teachers have discovered that the larger the number of subjects taught in the schools, the larger becomes the number of specialist teachers required to teach them. More subjects, more jobs. In the early days of education it was not so. Even with the instruction limited to the three R's and a smattering of Latin, there were still more teaching jobs than there were teachers; and additional subjects, instead of meaning additional jobs for additional teachers, meant more work for the existing teachers, without any increase of pay. The educational profession in those days was rigidly set against any extension of the range of subject-matter in the schools and colleges. There is undoubtedly a slight tendency in the human race to believe in that which is economically advantageous to us. Educationists are noble fellows, but fortunately they are still human.

My own school-days occurred fairly near the beginning of the Great Change. Part of the educationists had gone over to the expansionist movement and part of them had not; and there was bitter hatred between them. School-children were beginning to be taught Civics; they could no longer write a decent hand, but they could tell you how the members of the Senate are appointed and what are the functions of the Provincial Board of Health. Chemistry had already crept into the curriculum; and while the children could no longer recognize a gerundival construction at sight, they could detect quite a number of unpleasant compounds by their smell or their explosive behaviour. The Latin teachers looked down upon the Stinks teachers as upstarts and intruders; to-day the Stinks teachers look down upon the Latin teachers (if they can find any to look down upon) as belated survivors of a barbarous age.

There used to be a delicate aroma of antiquity about all the subjects taught in school when I was a boy, with the exception of course of the undignified newcomers like Civics and Stinks. Latin was the Latin of Cicero, taught after the manner of Oxford in the 18th Century. Geometry was the Geometry of

a Greek gentleman named Euclid. The other mathematical subjects were taught much as they had been taught by the Arabs about the time of Dante. There was some history of England, but it stopped abruptly at the Napoleonic wars. Some history of Canada had been recently introduced, with a good deal of difficulty on account of its terribly modern date. It also ended about the time of the War of 1812. It will be perceived that this education left a slight hiatus of a century or so between the world as expounded to scholars in school and the world in which they found themselves on emerging from its portals. Some of us, I believe, never even suspected that the two were actually the same world. We conceived of the matters about which we learned in school as relating to some fantastic universe invented by schoolmasters solely to provide work for schoolboys, and peopled with wholly imaginary persons such as Balbus, who built a wall, Romulus and Remus, who founded Rome, Julius Caesar, who divided Gaul, and Lord Nelson, who looked through telescopes with his blind eye and did extraordinary things with little flags. Others of us eventually realized the historical continuity of the cosmos and vaguely hoped that we should in time pick up, from our parents and friends and our casual reading, some idea of how the world of Napoleon and Nelson got itself changed into the obviously very different world of Lord Salisbury and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and William McKinley.

I used to think that it would have been kinder if our educationists had brought us up a little further towards Sir Wilfrid Laurier and that Twentieth Century which seemed such a long way from the Eighteenth; and I used to wonder also why they never thought of doing it. I know now. They were trying to preserve education in the state in which it had been in the grand old days when the playing fields of Eton won the Battle of Waterloo. The history of the nineteenth century had not been taught at Eton in those days, for obvious reasons. It was not therefore to be taught in Canada in the days of Laurier. The little Etonians got along very well without Civics, for most of them acquired that subject at first hand by entering Parliament via a pocket borough at the age

of twenty-one; therefore Civics were unnecessary for a Canadian schoolboy. It was a thoroughly logical and perfectly comprehensible attitude, and I have the highest respect for the educationists who maintained it.

But when the great change took place, and educationists began to look for more subjects to introduce instead of trying desperately to keep all new subjects out, they fell, among other things, upon the History of Our Own Time. Nowadays, so far as I can gather, the educated child (whose writing has become totally illegible, and who cannot add without a machine, and who thinks that the subjunctive mood is the exclusive property of the poets) is fully instructed in the history of the world up to at least the last-but-one change of Government in France. His literary acquaintance has been similarly modernized. He knows little about Byron, but much about E. Barrington. Milton has dropped out of his curriculum, to be replaced by Masefield, and Sainte-Beuve has given way to Sandburg. The student emerges from school into a world about which he has received quite a large amount of instruction from his pedagogues.

Or has he? For certain very difficult and disturbing questions are beginning to arise about this education in the up-to-date. There are grave difficulties about teaching the history of anything—be it a battle, a literary movement, a scientific theory or an economic revolution—which occurred less than one hundred years ago. The Muse of History is a long-sighted lady, but her vision is ill-adapted to dealing with phenomena that are too close at hand. History cannot teach events, for the kind of events with which it has to deal are too complex and too largely concealed from human knowledge. All it can teach is acceptable theories about events. And the difficulty of formulating an acceptable theory about any event increases in geometrical ratio with the nearness of the event to our own time. History knows more about the wars of Tiglath-Pileser the Second than she does about the Great Amerigo-German War of 1917. Similarly, literary history knows more about the intellectual methods and artistic values of Tennyson and Tupper than she does about those of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein. The schoolmasters are undertaking to teach acceptable theories of wars and poets and economic movements and social doctrines about which no acceptable theories exist; and they are quite inevitably getting into all sorts of trouble in the process of doing it.

Educationists have always had a sublime faith in the unlimited capabilities of their profession. If the educationists of my own day omitted to teach me anything about Gladstonian Home Rule, it was not because they did not consider themselves competent to do so; it was merely because Gladstonian Home Rule

was not part of the traditional subject matter of the education of an Eton schoolboy in the eighteenth century. Yet on the whole I am glad that they did not undertake to teach me that subject. I think it is better that I should have been left to form my own opinions of it in maturer years. An Acceptable Theory of Gladstonian Home Rule, formulated by the educational authorities of Ontario in the nineties, might not have been the best possible foundation for a sound working view of the same subject in the twentieth century. As for any Acceptable Theory of the Great War that can be formulated by any educational authority whatever in this year of grace, it must have just about as much permanency as this year's fashions in ladies' hats. To teach it to children in school, on the same authority as we teach them that two and two are four and that slavery is an evil, seems to me to be an outrage on their tender minds. I would as soon teach them an Acceptable Theory about Einstein or Matisse.

It is not so much that I am afraid of the children imbibing erroneous ideas about the Great War—or let us rather say, ideas which they will later have to change—or any other subject of Recent History. It is astonishing how easily children shed the ideas artificially imparted to them in school, if they happen to come into conflict with those which they find actuating the world around them when they emerge. It is always safe to say that damage to the children is the least important and the least enduring of all the evils which may result from a mistake on the part of the educational authority. What I am afraid of is unseemly squabbles among the educationists themselves, leading to a degrading of the science of education and an undermining of the public's regard for it. So long as the educationists stick to subjects that have been properly formulated, all they have to worry about is the best way to teach them, which is their professional business and will be left to them. But when they insist on teaching subjects that have never been properly formulated, they are sure to quarrel among themselves, not only on the professional question of how to teach them, but on the non-professional question of what to teach. And then the amateurs will wade in. After all, the post of Superintendent of Schools or even Minister of Education gives no man a right to pose as an authority on what should be taught about the Great War; on that subject the Mayor of Chicago has as much right to his views as the Superintendent, and the Superintendent as the crossing-sweeper. Far away from the Chicago city hall, in scores of garrets and government offices and garrison quarters all over the world, a few hundred men are slowly piecing out the picture which, about 1977, will become the Accepted Theory about the Great War and will remain so until a fresh generation decides upon refurbishing up a new one. The children now going through the

schools will largely have the job of determining what that Accepted Theory of 1977 is to be. It would be much better for them if the schools, and still more the colleges, would teach them the art of drawing conclusions from evidence, than if they insist on providing them with a ready-made picture, suitable for the infant mind, of the Great

War as certain influential groups of the present day like to believe that it happened. But the Art of Finding Out Truth for Oneself seems to be the one thing that the present-day educationists do not want to teach. They may feel—perhaps rightly—that one who has once acquired that art is not likely to come around clamouring for instruction in other subjects.

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

By A. GOULDING

THE way of the Conservative is hard. Every young man's hand is against him, and he is often troubled by the secret feeling that perhaps the young man may be right. The books of Judge Lindsey have not made things easier for the upholders of tradition, for not only does he claim that the young are on the right track but he quotes chapter and verse to prove it and then publishes his results even unto the twelfth edition.

In his *Revolt of Modern Youth* Lindsey shows that the post-war generation are through with moral precepts and prohibitions handed down by their elders, who themselves do not take them too seriously. Instead the young people are adopting the experimental method in their conduct of life, with more success and less moral tragedy than might have been expected. His defence of the young is spirited and refreshing. He claims that they are honest, courageous, and thoroughly sound. They have thrown over the ancient code and are trying to work out a new one in its place, and to this new code they adhere with a strictness that their critics will hardly credit. Their task is more difficult than they realize; and they would benefit greatly from the help and guidance of their seniors; but this guidance must be given in a spirit of kindly toleration, which at present is rare; and the advice given must be honest and in accord with the facts of life, which at present is rarer still. This modest statement of the case as it presented itself to the author after twenty-five years intimate contact with young people, raised a storm of protest and indignation that was only beginning to subside when the appearance of his new book started the trouble all over again. Judge Lindsey has now been removed from his post by the outraged citizens of Denver.

In this new volume is developed an old and well tried scheme that offers a solution for one of the major problems of the younger generation. Our economic system with its emphasis on financial solvency and material comfort to the exclusion of most else, has advanced the age of marriage about ten years beyond what Nature evidently intended. The

price of this improvement is paid in many ways but it is always paid. The sowing of wild oats in variety is the best known but not the most important. What is even more serious is the difficulty felt by so many young men and women in settling down to any sort of sustained effort without which no work can be worth while. They are leading divided lives with their interest vacillating between the emotional world of sex and their daily round of duty, unable to reconcile the two, and finding satisfaction in neither. Such people, says Lindsey, would benefit enormously by the Companionate Marriage.

The Companionate Marriage is an open legal union, entered upon by two persons in love with each other who wish to live together as man and wife. Usually such a couple, though self-supporting, are not in a position to rear a family. They therefore agree not to have children until they are reasonably sure first, that their union is likely to be a permanent one and so provide the proper setting for children, and secondly, that they are financially able to support a family without aid from charity or the State. There is no suggestion of 'Trial Marriage' about this, except in so far as any marriage is a trial. There is also no suggestion of a temporary *liaison*. Those interested in such things have at present ample opportunity outside marriage. The Companionate Marriage exists to-day in every civilized country. Every childless union comes into this class. Only two things are needed to make it play an even more useful role in our social life, and both these things we already have, though in an underhand, bootleg form. The first change is proper medical instruction in birth control for all married persons. The second is the legal establishment of divorce by mutual agreement for married couples without children. At present the Comstock Obscenity Law makes birth-control instruction illegal; and the mere fact that both parties want a divorce is sufficient reason for not granting it. In practice such a case must be carefully framed to conceal the necessary perjury and collusion.

The Comstock Law was passed in the last hours of a Congressional Session in the eighteen-seventies. It was intended to stop the flood of pornographic

THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE, by Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. (Bonl & Liveright, McLean & Smithers; pp. 396; \$3.00).

literature which followed the close of the American Civil War. The contraceptive clause was slipped in, almost unnoticed, and once the law was passed, the violent energy of that distinguished sex-monomaniac Anthony Comstock sufficed to keep it on the statute book. This example of 'Ignorance imposed by law,—for the purpose of tricking you into making a contribution to the population whether you want to or not' is unique in modern legislation. Its chief effect has been to nullify more than half the social service work of the last fifty years. But a further effect has been the development of an underground, secret, and partially effective traffic in contraceptive knowledge and devices among those able to pay for them, while leaving the poor who need them most ignorant and helpless. Drug-store contraception may be bought at the corner by anyone married or single; but expert medical advice involves a technical breach of the law. Fortunately, few doctors let the law stand before the welfare of their patients. Another trouble is that this Comstock Law has stopped all contraceptive teaching in Medical Schools, with the result that many physicians know little or nothing of the modern methods available. This perhaps, accounts for the attitude of moral reprobation adopted by many elderly medical practitioners toward contraception. It also most certainly accounts for the enormous number of illegal operations performed. Judge Lindsey puts the figure for Denver alone at two thousand each year.

In his defence of easy divorce Judge Lindsey draws a clear distinction between the two kinds of marriage that we have to-day. In the childless marriage, which he calls the Companionate, the only matter to be considered in the event of a separation is the happiness of the principals. In this type Society has no right to interfere with the settlement otherwise than in a strictly advisory capacity. In such a marriage divorce by mutual consent should be available in as secret and cheap a form as possible. In the second type, or family marriage, where children are involved, Society has the right to see that the expense of supporting such children is borne by their parents, and Society also has the duty to see that these children's social and moral welfare is safeguarded as far as is possible. A divorce in such a case is a very serious matter, and while perhaps sometimes unavoidable, it should be made difficult to obtain, and should be granted only where the children will benefit thereby. At present in such cases it is the happiness of the parents that comes first, and that of the children often nowhere. The reason for this perversion of Society's intention is the present muddle-headed failure to distinguish between the two types, companionate and family marriage.

Every married pair, who are putting off having children till they can afford to, are living in a state of

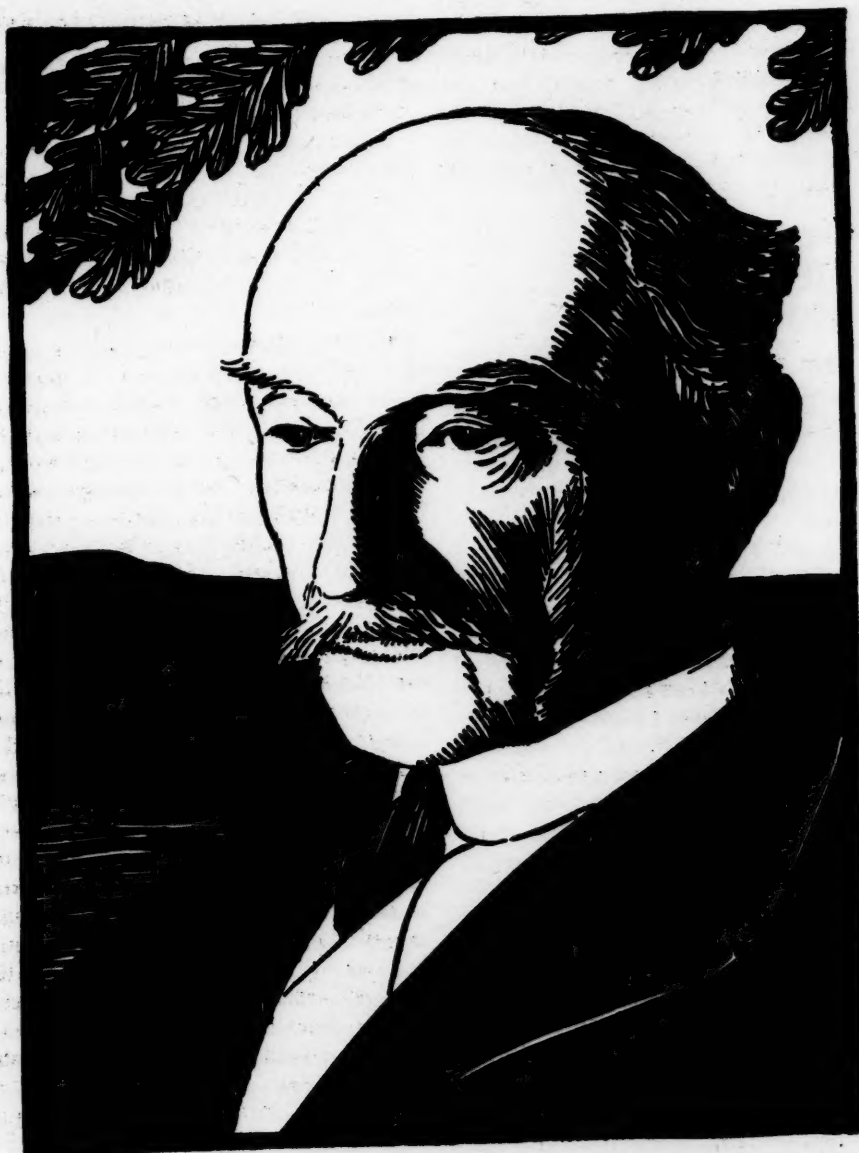
companionate marriage. The number of such couples in any community is large and is constantly increasing; yet the moral tone of Society seems little the worse for their influence. As Lindsey states it:—

The problem is quite simple. All we need do is honestly acknowledge and better regulate companionate marriage as it is now being practised by our leading church and university people, and in our higher professional and business circles. They have it—though many who are now practising it denounce me for commending them for doing so. The solution of this problem . . . would put an end to one paramount evil of American civilization—obsession with sex.

The drawback to the *de facto* companionate marriage of to-day is that the difficulty of securing a divorce is just as great as if there were children concerned. For this reason many prefer the secret *liaison* with its attending disadvantages. Make marriage, where children's rights are not concerned, as easy to leave as we have made it to enter, and the *liaison* and promiscuity will disappear, except perhaps for the small minority of incurable polygamists.

Such is a brief outline of Judge Lindsey's main thesis, which is to be found in parts throughout his most interesting, but loosely written book. The intervening spaces are filled with case histories illustrating things as they are in Denver, and probably everywhere else. These cases make rather startling reading.

There are doubtless many serious objections to the scheme as outlined in this book, but in marriage problems theoretical objections are not really important. In these matters what a man thinks he thinks is often very different from what he really thinks, and does. Everyone considers himself an exceptional case, for whom the relative freedom of companionate marriage might be suitable, but most are equally sure that for the average man such a scheme would lead to grave abuses. Some people even insist that every marriage would go to pieces at some stage, were it not for the tightness of the legal bond. Such people show little insight into their own feelings. Well-mated couples stay together even outside wedlock, and the longer the partnership the harder it is to break. Ill-mated couples do not stick, in spite of the marriage tie, and often in spite of the presence of children. Such people might better have separated before the children arrived. Whatever the faults and dangers of this plan may be, they can be discovered and remedied only by the method of trial and error. *A priori* reasoning and pulpit denunciation are equally futile. Some drastic revision of our marriage code is long overdue, and as a preliminary step the legal establishment of companionate marriage appears to be the simplest and least dangerous. The only legislation required would be an Act to legalize contraceptive instruction to married persons; and another to establish divorce by mutual agreement in the case of childless couples.



THOMAS HARDY
By THOREAU MACDONALD

Judge Lindsey is in temporary retirement. It has been said that he was ousted from the Juvenile Court of Denver—his own creation and his life's work—because of his advocacy of companionate marriage. This statement is not strictly accurate. He was ousted because he knew too much about too many of Denver's prominent citizens in their unsuccessful efforts to live up to an impossible moral code. However—*magna est veritas et praevalerebit*—even against the Klan and the Baptists, so his work is not yet finished. Incidentally he has provided thoughtful and anxious parents with two excellent text-books on that most difficult of subjects—'How to deal with the younger generation'.

THREE POEMS

By THURE HEDMAN

THE MILL OF TIME

The mill of time inexorably grinds, as if in dreams,
And men and movements disappear into its hungry
maw.

They issue in two endless streams:

One chaff and straw,

The other food to feed an everlasting law.

I WISH I WERE MIDAS OF OLD

I wish I were Midas of old.

All that he touched by his hand turned into gold.

All that I earn by the sweat of my brow

Somehow

Turns into nothing but rust and dust and mold.

THE MECHANIST SPEAKS

I know 'tis true:

Your love I slew.

But why should I

My deed deny,

Or even rue?

And why should you

Berate your mate?

For it was Fate

That sinned and fell,

And it was Force

That did compel

My errant course.

When in their mighty hands I lay

I changed into a bit of clay.



SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

MACKENZIE OF CANADA, *The Life and Adventures of Alexander Mackenzie, Discoverer*, by M. S. Wade (William Blackwood; pp. XII, 332).

MACKENZIE AND HIS VOYAGES BY CANOE TO THE ARCTIC AND THE PACIFIC 1789-93, by Arthur P. Woollacott (J. M. Dent and Sons; pp. X, 237; \$2.00).

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE EXPLORER AND FUR TRADER, by Hume Wrong (Canadian Men of Action, Series, No. IV; Macmillans in Canada; pp. 171; \$1.00).

THE beatification of Canadian heroes proceeds more rapidly than ever. Indeed the haste has led to confusion. Mr. Wade writes in his preface 'It is remarkable that no book has hitherto been published giving an account of the life and works of Sir Alexander Mackenzie', and so thought two other authors.

Mr. Woollacott has made an important contribution to the subject in portions of his book dealing with the voyages. He knows parts of the routes followed by Mackenzie in great detail and he has given an extremely valuable supplement to Sir Alexander Mackenzie's volume. His knowledge of the Mackenzie River and its tributary, the Peace, and of canoeing in general is shown in such details, as the correct explanation of the hissing sound which is conspicuous in a canoe travelling in swift water charged with particles of sand, and estimates of Mackenzie's rate of travel down the Mackenzie River. He is not impressed with Mackenzie's devices for making a cache or with the wearing out by Mackenzie's men of a pair of moccasins a day in tracking upstream. His expert description of parts of the route is enhanced in value by photographs. It is unfortunate that he did not confine himself to the voyages and that he did not omit the historical sections which are largely based on secondary sources and unreliable. That the author is here very much beyond his depth will be evident when it is noted that he confuses the X.Y. Co. formed after 1798 with the company of Gregory and McLeod (1785-1787). The book has a valuable appendix, a bibliography and an index.

Mr. Wade's contribution runs to a certain extent along similar lines, especially in the part of his work which deals with the voyages through what is now British Columbia. We are more grateful to him, however, for work which he has done on the family history of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. He has established with a degree of finality the date and place of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's birth, the date of his

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emigration from Scotland, and the date and place of his death. The sections dealing with the historical background are inaccurate in many details and much new information which is given without reference to authority must be regarded with suspicion. It would be possible to go through page after page noting minor errors. When confronted with these errors and the outbursts of extravagance which are to be found in the book, one cannot refrain from commenting on Mr. Wade's sentence: 'It is a pity that the youth of Canada is not better supplied with information respecting the men concerned in the exploration and development of the country in which they live.' A pity indeed! An inadequate bibliography, an appendix of fairly well known documents, and some excellent photographs complete the book.

Mr. Wrong has given the most adequate account on the historical side. The errors are few and slight, relating to the facts of Mackenzie's life and such trivial details as the location of Fort Resolution on the east rather than the west side of Slave River. The volume is arranged to give perspective, making, quite rightly, Mackenzie's voyage to the Pacific his most important achievement. Mr. Wrong's account of the voyage is the least satisfactory part of the volume.

In spite of the publication of three distinct volumes on Mackenzie it is possible to read all of them and yet realize that the biography of Mackenzie has yet to be written. Each volume has distinct merits and distinct weaknesses, but all are weak on the historical side. The authors have based their works primarily on the more accessible printed sources, one of the most important of which is *Mackenzie's Voyages* including *The General Account of the Fur Trade*. The *Voyages* were published in 1801 and in some sense must be regarded as a prospectus for the New Company or the X. Y. Company, latterly known as Alexander Mackenzie and Co. Mackenzie includes much information on the Northwest Company which he had left at the expiration of the 1790 agreement in 1799. The publication of information on the affairs of the Northwest Company to further the promotion of a rival company greatly increased the animosity of the partners of that organization toward Mackenzie. The account is inaccurate in some details and has many indications of bias. Little credit is given to Pond who organized the Athabasca district and made possible Mackenzie's expeditions. Indeed Mackenzie is little less than malicious toward the man to whom he owed much of his success. There is much in this record to show that Alexander Mackenzie was not a likeable character.

He was not a successful fur trader, having failed in the Company of 1785-1787 and in Alexander Mackenzie and Company although he was successful

in acquiring a share in the larger Northwest Company on both occasions. He was one of the first captains of finance, apparently never thoroughly grasping the traditions of the Northwest Company, but always maintaining the attitude of the small trader and always prepared to take advantage of the main chance. These elements of his character were responsible for the coolness of his old friend and cousin, Roderick Mackenzie, and for the insistence of his old boon companion William McGillivray that in the amalgamation of 1804 Alexander Mackenzie should at all costs be rigidly excluded from control of the business. His scheme for an establishment on the Pacific was probably advocated from the standpoint of the X. Y. Company and not from any large views of statesmanship. We cannot accept without more exhaustive study than has yet appeared the conclusions of these writers that British Columbia would have been lost had it not been for Mackenzie.

We hope that these volumes will be followed by another which will combine their important contributions and add much that is yet unknown. Alexander Mackenzie, the explorer, and man of business, deserves a competent biography.

HAROLD A. INNIS.

THE LEGENDARY LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE AND THE ARABS, by Robert Graves (Cape-Nelson; pp. 454; \$2.50).

THE more we learn about Lawrence, the more enigmatic he becomes. Mr. Graves throws a good deal of light on his curious vagaries by letting us see how Lawrence, possessed already by an intense ambition of his own, was also painfully divided at heart between his allegiance to England and his allegiance to the Arabs. Thus in 1917 the secret Sykes-Picot treaty which parcelled out among the Allies some of the territory the Arabs were fighting for was made public by the Bolsheviks. Lawrence, in the thick of his desert campaigning, was confronted with this document by his Arab associates 'and did not know what to answer; he felt that the most honourable thing to do would be to send the Arabs home, and yet perhaps only by Arab help could the war in the East be won'. So he repudiated the treaty with every intention of making good his word. 'What apparently had happened,' writes Mr. Graves with mock ingenuousness, 'was that the Foreign Office had two departments, each responsible for one of these agreements, and neither had taken the other into proper confidence.'

Lawrence fought tooth and nail for the Arabs from that day forward, continually indulging a contempt for his personal safety as a salve to his wounded conscience; and when he appeared later at Buckingham Palace in Arabian dress he uttered his state of

mind in words that deserve immortality: 'when a man serves two masters and has to offend one of these, it is better for him to offend the more powerful.' Yet in a recent letter to Mr. Graves—a letter rich in interest and quoted in full in this book—we discover in him an Empire-builder of the most thorough-going and orthodox type. 'I was at one with him (Mr. Winston Churchill) in this attitude: indeed I fancy I went beyond him in my desire to see as many "brown" dominions in the British Empire as there are "white". It will be a sorry day when our estate stops growing.' This, presumably written from India by Aircraftman Shaw, throws a significant light. Mr. Graves doesn't pretend to understand and perhaps no one ever will understand. Yet the fascination, the almost exasperating fascination, of Lawrence loses nothing by such disclosures. If anything, it gains; for there are times when our human nature, powerfully seized by some strange riddle of personality, prefers not to understand, knows that it never will understand, trusts itself not to understand in any event.

It is in this way that legendary personalities—Lawrence is a legend at forty—are brought into being. Even Mr. Graves, who repeatedly censures Mr. Lowell Thomas for his inaccuracies and his hopeless credulity (as, for example, in the matter of Lawrence's fictitious adventures in Borneo) cannot help himself, he in his turn carries on the good work of building up the Lawrence legend. He tells us, for example, that in six years Lawrence

read every book in the library of the Oxford Union—the best part of 50,000 volumes, probably. His father used to get him the books while he was at school and afterwards he always borrowed six volumes a day in his father's name and his own. For three years he read day and night on a hearth-rug, which was a mattress so that he could fall asleep as he read. Often he spent eighteen hours a day reading, and at last got so good at it that he could tear the heart out of the most formidable book in half an hour.

This, be it noted, is exactly the way Napoleon used to eat babies. At first I was inclined to quarrel with Mr. Graves for this critical weakness, but afterwards I decided that it was unconscious and inevitable. It had to be; the case is simply one of romance predestined and we all have to contribute to it in our little way.

Those who already know *Revolt in the Desert*, now withdrawn from publication in England, will find that much of the present book is just a re-statement of that inimitable story. On the other hand, there is much new material including a full account of Lawrence's early life, and the book is surprisingly cheap. It contains interesting photographs and several delectable maps. I read it with avidity and expect others have done likewise.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

A DIPLOMAT IN TURKEY

THE TURKISH LETTERS OF OGIER GHISELIN DE BUSBECQ, Translated from the Latin by Edward Seymour Forster (Oxford University Press; pp. XVI, 265; \$2.25).

THIS entertaining volume contains an abridged translation of four letters written by Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq to his friend Nicholas Michault describing his experiences while acting as Imperial ambassador in Turkey between the years 1554 and 1562. Born in 1522, Busbecq, who was the legitimized son of a Flemish gentleman, passed in 1554 into the service of the Austrian branch of the House of Habsburg. When he first left Vienna for Turkey the relations between his master, Ferdinand, and Soleiman the Magnificent were extremely strained. The Turks were at the height of their power, having some years previously occupied the city of Buda and a great part of Hungary; in spite of a truce which had been signed in 1547 there was constant warfare on the Austro-Turkish frontier; nothing but the Persian War and his own advancing age seemed to prevent the Sultan leading a fresh invasion to the walls of Vienna. It was the principal aim of French diplomacy in the East to keep alive the war between Turkey and the House of Habsburg, and Busbecq was sent on his mission to defeat this aim and secure a lasting peace. In his first letter the ambassador describes his journey across Turkey in Europe to Constantinople and thence to Amasia in Asia Minor, where the Sultan had been engaged in war against the Persians. On his arrival he found that the Turks were on the point of making a peace with Persia which would leave them free to devote their attention to Europe. He was, therefore, coldly received by Soleiman and had to return again to Vienna bearing a letter 'wrapped up in cloth of gold and sealed' in which the Sultan made the most exorbitant demands.

The invasion which was feared did not however take place, and in 1555 Busbecq again left Vienna to take up his residence in Constantinople as Ambassador in ordinary. At first his position was far from comfortable. The Turks undoubtedly wished to avoid open war, but they were slow in coming to an agreement and held Busbecq virtually a prisoner in the hope of forcing him to grant favourable terms. 'The Turks are prone to suspicion and have conceived an idea that the ambassadors of Christian princes bring different sets of instructions, which they produce in turn to suit the circumstances. . . For this reason the Turks think it necessary to intimidate them, . . . so that their sufferings may make them produce sooner the instructions which they have been ordered to reserve till the last possible moment.' It was not till 1662, when a new Vizier, Ali Pasha, had risen to

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power, that Busbecq was liberated and terminated the negotiations in a manner satisfactory to the Emperor. Throughout these critical years Busbecq showed no little patience and diplomatic skill in dealing with Viziers and Pashas.

The letters reveal their writer not only as a skilful diplomatist but also a philosopher, scholar, and collector. It was his delight to acquire out-of-the-way information about the customs and religion of the peoples with which he came in contact. He made collections of coins, manuscripts, plants, and animals, which he took or sent back to the west, and he is responsible for the introduction of tulips and lilac into Europe. More than once he expresses his shame and sorrow at seeing Christian lands subjected to the rule of the infidel Turk, but he is not afraid to praise Turkish institutions and customs when he thinks them good, and he puts his finger on the causes of Turkish success in war. He even has a good word to say for slavery, though he humorously begs his reader not to take his defence of the institution too seriously. Some of his observations are worthy of quotation. 'The very earth seemed to mourn and to long for Christian care and culture. Our religion and our sense of duty ought to have urged us to help our afflicted brethren . . . but as it is we seek the Indies and the Antipodes over vast fields of ocean because there the booty and spoil is richer and can be wrung from the ignorant and guileless natives without the expenditure of a drop of blood. Religion is the pretext, gold the real object'. Speaking of the military system of the Turks he attributes their successes to their contempt of birth as opposed to merit, and adds, 'on their side are the resources of a mighty empire, strength unimpaired, experience in fighting, a veteran soldiery, habituation to victory, endurance of toil, unity, order, discipline, frugality and watchfulness. On our side is public poverty, private luxury, impaired strength, broken spirit, lack of endurance and training; the soldiers are insubordinate, the officers avaricious; there is a contempt for discipline; licence, recklessness, drunkenness and debauchery are rife; and worst of all the enemy is accustomed to victory and we to defeat'.

During his semi-captivity in Constantinople Busbecq amused himself by reading, playing tennis, and collecting. His House, which must have been of considerable size, contained, besides his retinue and the Turkish guards, horses, camels, monkeys, lynxes, ichneumons, wolves, bears, stags, ducks, cranes, partridges, and many other animals. There was even a pig which aroused the disgusted interest of the Turks who came to visit the house. The 'barbarians', he tells us, were very fond of animals and much more kind to them than the Christians. The cat was apparently their favourite pet, being regarded as a 'moral animal, endowed with some degree of modesty and

propriety', but they were also fond of birds and hated to see them in captivity, and even the unclean dog was well treated and 'deserving of human help and pity'.

Busbecq's pleasing personality is everywhere revealed in his letters. He had humour, courage and kindness of heart. He tells us how he won over his Turkish guards and servants by giving them wine, contrary to the precepts of the prophet; how he ransomed Christian slaves and soldiers and enabled them to return to their homes; and how when his friend and physician was dying of the plague he visited him and attended to his needs.

The volume, which is embellished with illustrations and a map, should prove of interest not only to historians but to all who are fond of tales of travel and can enjoy a good story well told.

J. C. P. PROBY.

RIGHT OFF THE MAP, by C. E. Montague (Chatto and Windus-McLeod; pp. 312; \$2.00).

WHEN Mr. Montague goes right off the map he makes no Utopian discovery. His republics of Ria and Porto are peopled variously but governed, as is fitting, by Englishmen. An aristocratic tradition survives within the forms of democracy and in Ria the most eminent churchman is an Anglican Bishop. The discovery of gold in the neighbourhood of a disputed boundary line embarrasses the Rian Syndicate owning the land. 'If you find gold in Porto you have to go halves with the state. If it is in Ria the state lets you stick to three-quarters.' Here, obviously, is a matter of grave concern. Public Interest demands that a boundary decision should favour Ria. The Syndicate buys up nearly all the papers and the people are duly 'prepared'. Before war is declared the Syndicate acquires control of munition plants and boot factories. Magnificent speeches are made, the people awake to National Consciousness; they realize their peculiar superiority over the Portans, their natural right to a place in the sun. Buoyed up by waves of self-congratulation the Rians make war—disastrously.

To this extent the book is a social satire. Many of the characters, too, are depicted with an irony that is almost, but not quite, merciless. I wonder if any honest reader will escape whole-skinned from Mr. Montague's sacrifice of the vanities! Honesty, as it is here conceived, seems to represent the whole virtue of man, an ideal objective almost impossible to attain. There is some fine character drawing. Burnage, editor of the *Voice* and mighty orator, is provided with a charming but too astute wife. Her ability to penetrate beneath the surface of his elaborate shams provide neither of them with real satisfaction though it serves to perpetuate his wild adoration and vastly

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Statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.'

—and yet always the credit, always the victory, went to her deadliest rival, the beautiful courtesan, Agnes von Flavon. Men she could conquer, but this woman with much beauty and great cunning, she could not conquer. It is the equal of *Power*; but while *Power*, ending, in spite of its tragedy, in a veritable crescendo of triumph, may be called a symphony in a major key, so may **THE UGLY DUCHESS** be likened to a symphony in a minor key, dying away quietly and, as it were, with a sob.

* * *

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pressed, but only one person did anything about it, and that was Brother Juniper . . . "why did this happen to those five?" If there were any plan in the universe at all, if there were any pattern in a human life, surely it could be discovered mysteriously latent in those lives so suddenly cut off. Either we live by accident and die by accident, or we live by plan and die by plan. And on that instant Brother Juniper made the resolve to inquire into the secret lives of those five persons, that moment falling through the air, and to surprise the reason of their taking off.' These extracts from the opening pages give the keynote of Thornton Wilder's new novel, **THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY**, but convey no idea of the charm and the insight, the humour and the irony, the depth of thought and the grace of language with which he reveals the hidden springs of the lives of these five people. "It is a work of genius", says Professor Wm. Lyons Phelps. "The writing has not been surpassed in the present epoch. It dazzled me by its accomplishment," is Mr. Arnold Bennett's tribute. Miss Isabel Paterson thinks it 'a little masterpiece. Judged even by that exacting standard (of masterpieces) this is a contribution to literature'. It is a contribution to literature and to life which will give you rare enjoyment in the reading. I advise you, if I may, not to miss it.

I enjoyed very much **THE BLOODY POET** by a writer new to me, Desider Kostolanyi. Psychology and psycho-

THE BLOODY POET

\$2.50

analysis have in recent years so laid bare the springs of human action that it is becoming easier day by day to re-create the men and women of far-off times and to bring their deeds, their lives, themselves even, into truer perspective. **THE BLOODY POET** is not a study in criminal psychology. It is a very interesting novel depicting the life and times of the Roman Emperor Nero. It shows, but arising naturally and without effort from the sequence of events, how gradually increasing and inordinate vanity changed a weak but harmless youth into the sanguinary monster who terrorized Rome for some fourteen years. Seneca, viewing the disastrous effect of his training on his pupil, Nero, and himself becoming a victim of a distorted expression of it, is finely drawn. So, too, are Agrippina, who 'burning in unquenchable desire' to make her son Emperor, became a woman unsexed and filled, 'from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty'; Octavia, so soft and sweet and frail, with her shattered love and her broken heart; Britannicus, a true poet who repels, to his own destruction, this Nero, at once so powerful and so helpless; Poppaea, destined to compass the deaths of Agrippina and Octavia—a woman beautiful indeed, and 'not without ambition nor without the wickedness that should attend it'; and Fannius and Zodicus, minor villains and jackals to Nero. It is a fine, superb, and masterly work, evoking for us, without effort, pictures and scenes from the life of the ancient world-capital that create a most fascinating critique of Roman society.

* * *

The poets of America have formed a sort of Book-of-the-Month Club, and have chosen as their first book George Dillon's **THE BOY IN THE WIND**, a recent publication which has placed its author

THE BOY IN THE WIND

\$1.50

in the first rank of American poets. The wistful love of an unattainable beauty, which lies behind the greatest lyric poetry, moves through these fifty poems, whose rare quality of youthfulness, deepened by reflection and clear, pure singing, have the authoritative stamp of true poetry.

* * *

I would like to have told you of the beautifully illustrated edition of Blake's **SONGS OF INNOCENCE**, remarkable because the illustrations are by a sixteen-year-old artist, Miss Jacynth Parsons; of **THE REAL MARLBOROUGH**, a character study in play form by Miss G. Winnifred Taylor, who knows more about Marlborough and his time than anyone now living—and of the many other books ready, or to come, but—space forbids.

SPACE FORBIDS

Written by The Literary Lounge for

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TORONTO 2

entertains the reader. Bishop Case, pillar of the church and the aristocratic tradition, staunch and eloquent supporter of nebulous collective virtues. Browell, educational head of an exemplary system, and properly aware of his responsibility towards the governing classes. It is a splendid parade, and we are tempted to admire these tin heroes even while we recognize their hollowness.

The two real heroes of the book are military men. It is characteristic of this author that he should season his burlesque of modern warfare with a keen regard for the healthy man's natural love of adventure and trial by combat. If he has learned to detest war and the makers of war, Mr. Montague certainly appreciates a good soldier; and if persistent, intelligent effort and self-sacrificing ardour on the part of two men could have won the war, the Rians would have won it. But at home the eloquent authorities, now besieged in the capital, found plenty of excuses for capitulation.

The conclusion is masterly, quite the biggest thing Mr. Montague has done so far. All the threads of the story are gathered together in one high tragedy; and the irony of it is that the martyr does not suspect his own martyrdom. One is tempted to point many morals, for this is a book that lends itself readily to such uses. But the author has given us a novel and as such it may best be appreciated.

M. A.

POLITICAL LEADERSHIP IN EUROPE

MAKERS OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY EUROPE, by Ralph Flenley. Illustrated by D. H. Flenley. (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 272; \$1.50).

MANY as are the books dealing with nineteenth-century Europe, this volume is a welcome addition. Here is biography marked by judicious characterization rather than gossipy caricature, and history that presents significant movements with appreciative insight, envisaging them not as abstract progressions of depersonalized events, but as affairs in which human personalities played determining and illuminating roles.

History at its best is drama, its essence is mingled conflict and co-operation, in both of which the human share is central. The clash of ideas and wills is voiced by human tongues. The co-operative subjugation of natural forces is the work of human hands and brains. The evolution of social and political institutions comes of the rubbing of man against man and their universal desire to ease the chafings of the harness in which nature drives them. In the progression of human affairs all men play their rôles. As to which are stellar, unanimity is lacking. Should crowd or leaders dominate the historian's pages? Contemporary society has raised the crowd as crowd to a hitherto unheard-of eminence, so that now the undistinguished un-

known is honoured above rulers, poets, and philosophers, even above to-day's reputedly omniscient and omnipotent scientists. Historians as well as economists have talked much, and often glibly, of 'mass movement' and 'the average man'. Without doubt these merit notice, but it may be questioned whether for the student of history the epoch-marking career of a Hampden is not more largely significant than the chronicle of his village namesake. It is still so often apparent that the potentialities of the crowd find outlet chiefly in playing the old part of follow the leader. Even the most obviously mass movement has its leader or leaders, in whom, to say the least, its characteristics are accentuated. Whether a leader be its source and inspirer or merely its product and voice may sometimes be disputable, but in any case the drama is incomplete and often it is inexplicable if his rôle be ignored. And certainly for many, if not, indeed, for most of us, a sense of the vitality and significance of the past no less than the present is primarily associated with the central factor of personality.

There is, of course, always the danger that history seen through the biographer's spectacles may be viewed astigmatically. But Professor Flenley has skilfully avoided the perils while making much of the opportunities afforded by the biographical point of view. A surprising wealth of significant idea and happening is woven into the narrative. The central characters are so depicted that their prominence, instead of hiding or blurring the essentials of the general movement, rather serves to bring the latter out more clearly and emphatically. In so brief a survey the author wisely avoids attempting to present all phases of European history during the period covered; he chooses to limit himself to the political history of western Europe. This is presented around the careers of aptly selected groups of typical and outstanding leaders in crucial movements. The throttling of liberalism and nationality in the era following Napoleon's final defeat is handled through a study of leading conservatives and legitimists: Metternich in Austria, Louis XVIII and Charles X in France, Ferdinand VII in Spain, Ferdinand of Naples and Sicily, and finally, in France, Louis Philippe and Guizot. Then the story of the radical and nationalist movements that culminated in the mostly unsuccessful but fateful outbreaks of 1848-49 is told around the personalities and careers of Lamartine, Mazzini, Kossuth, Frederick William IV of Prussia, and a group of the Rhineland nationalists. After an 'interlude' on the flamboyant and finally tragic career of Napoleon III, the study concludes with an account of the work of the 'Nation Makers': Garibaldi, Cavour, Bismarck, Déak, and Gambetta.

The principal *dramatis personae* of this story and some of the scenes of their labours are portrayed in

a series of striking pen-drawings by Mrs. Flenley, which not only illustrate the narrative graphically but in their decorative manner are admirably contrived as embellishments of the text.

The volume deserves wide circulation. For those seeking their first introduction to the pregnant period of history dealt with, it will aid in giving their study the indispensable touch of reality inseparable from an acquaintance with the chief characters, while for anyone already familiar with much that is here covered, the fresh arrangement and apt handling of the material make the book a pleasurable and suggestive review.

REGINALD G. TROTTER.

THE STORY OF OTTAWA

OTTAWA PAST AND PRESENT, by A. H. D. ROSS
(Musson Book Co., \$3.00).

THIS is a book which will be welcomed by all good citizens of Ottawa for its wealth of local historical information. The author is a grandson of Thomas Burrowes, one of the chief Engineer officers under Colonel By, whose fourth son was the first white child born in what is now Ottawa, and whose papers form the authority on which a good deal of the book is based. Thomas Burrowes, besides being a very efficient and methodical Sapper, had a gift

for drawing; and not the least valuable part of the book consists of reproductions of water-colour sketches which he made of Bytown and its neighbourhood in the early days. It is a pity that Mr. Ross did not give us more of them; they combine the precision of the trained engineer with the eye for scenery of the natural artist. The book would be much improved also if it contained a good map of the early surveys with a tracing of the modern streets and boundaries superimposed upon it. No one except a local old-timer can follow all Mr. Ross' geographical references without some such aid.

With his grandfather's notes and plans as his chief source of material it is natural that the core of Mr. Ross' book consists of the story of the building of the Rideau Canal and of the events connected therewith. One reads this with a growing respect for the sterling qualities of Colonel By and his associates, and the author succeeds very well in making us understand what a fine achievement their work was. Would that they, the first government officials in the Ottawa district, had managed to inspire their successors in the present-day land of afternoon with a little more of their sturdy energy and their devotion to the public interest.

On the other sides of Ottawa history the book is not nearly so satisfactory. It becomes too much just a collection of scraps of miscellaneous informa-

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tion. One misses especially any adequate connected account of the development of the lumbering industry and of the great lumbering families of the Ottawa valley who made Colonel By's village the headquarters of an industry of national importance. The author gives us here only a bald summary of facts which lacks entirely the interest of his chapters on the Rideau Canal.

But one must defend Mr. Ross from a criticism which has been made of his book that in his two hundred pages about the national capital there is so little on the connection of Ottawa with the Dominion of Canada. He certainly misses a great chance to tell the story of how his city came to be chosen as capital; and a stranger might expect that a book about a city which has seen Canadian politics from the inside since the 1860's would show much more interest in our national affairs. But to make such a demand is to display a complete ignorance of Ottawa. Two-thirds of the charm of that delightful community will assuredly be lost if its inhabitants ever come to conceive of the Dominion of Canada as fulfilling any other function than that of a benign Providence which provides jobs for them and their children.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

SHORT NOTICES

ARCHON—OR THE FUTURE OF GOVERNMENT, by Hamilton Fyfe (Kegan Paul-Musson; To-day and To-morrow Series; pp. 95; 85 cents).

THE bulk of this little book is given over to criticisms of existing forms of governments in general, and democratic governments in particular. The section which deals with the future is neither original nor imaginative although it does outline the probable tendencies in governments.

Mr. Fyfe makes many statements open to criticism, and even contradicts himself when he states in one passage: 'To suppose there is or can be a Science of Government is a perilous delusion. . .' (because) —'Government deals with human natures in which no stable elements have been discovered'—and in another —'a large number of governing men are always better than the bad laws which they administer' . . . and 'oppression carried beyond a certain point will make men rebel'.

He makes some very interesting assertions such as:—

Russia as a Soviet Republic is ruled by the methods which the Tsars employed. These are the only methods by which in their present stage the Russians can be ruled—

During their lives all politicians are in a conspiracy to prevent any of their number being found out, and their funeral orations would sound exaggerated if the subject were a Lycurgus, a Burghley or a Stein . . . Instead of Sir Pliant Dullman who would never have been heard of had his father not made a fortune out of nails.

On the whole, the book is stimulating and interesting and very well worth reading.

N. A. M.

A PRIMER OF BOOK COLLECTING, by John T. Winterich (Greenberg; pp. XII, 206; \$2.00).

HERE is a primer which really is a primer, for it is so simple in its elaborate exposition of what it sets out to expound, that it may be said to be written in words of four letters. Its simplicity and clarity are such as to be almost an offence to an educated person, for they assume no information and almost no intelligence. The manual is meant for those who may be interested in collecting books as a hobby quite apart from any interest in reading or any taste or discernment in letters. Armed with this introduction and a battery of bibliographies the collector of antique whiskey bottles may add a new department to his store, without any obligation to read anything further except the titlepage of his 'quarry', unless indeed he becomes specialist enough to count misprints. He will have just as much chance of getting or of losing money by his hobby, and it will not be Mr. Winterich's fault if he fails to add considerably to the profits of the second-hand dealers. Indeed, if the author is not himself a bookseller, he ought to be elected an honorary member of their Union, as he seems to be made for them so much more than they for him. More I must not say or I shall be unjust to what is unpretentious and performs its functions well. But I can't endure so much talk of the volumes and so little of the books, so much about dollars and cents and so little of literature, and the author insults me by describing a dear friend of mine not as a bohemian—that might have passed a reader of the Forum—but as a 'gipsy', 'the browser who knows books and book-values and preys on the innocent second-hand dealer.' Brother, let us prey.

E. A. D.

PEOPLE ROUND THE CORNER, by Thyra Samter Winslow (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 270; \$2.50).

IN real life, no doubt, there are people to be found (scattered amongst their less repulsive fellowmen) quite as third rate as this 'round the corner' collection, but fortunately, such people are met individually, not *en masse*, as Mrs. Winslow presents them. There are 14 stories in the book, each one an exhibition of unpleasant examples of humanity with only an occasional character standing clear of the general welter; for instance 'Her own room' describes a decent old woman, while A pleasant Sunday afternoon in August is the story of a quite nice murderess. With these two exceptions, however, there is no relief from the relentless exposure of badly ventilated lives, nor is there any suggestion of beauty to offset the sordidness.

The publisher says: 'Mrs. Winslow gives a voice to the voiceless—and how great a fraction she expresses of the real America'. If this statement is correct, one is tempted to suggest the advisability of the more articulate portion of the United States—hiding themselves to a high mountain, and praying hard for a second deluge.

That the stories are clever goes without saying; a writer as crisp and capable as Mrs. Winslow may delude you, but you are not likely to find her dull.

LUCK AND OTHER STORIES, by Mary Arden (Cape-Nelson; pp. 255; \$2.00).

IT is difficult to avoid uttering the inevitable name which will arise in the mind of every reader of these charming short stories. Yet it is perhaps unfair to suggest the comparison with Katherine Mansfield's work. There was a sense of dust and ashes, of Dead Sea apples, in her work, in spite of its exquisite finish, which one felt to be born of a partial and incomplete experience of life. In one of those too intimate letters published after her death by her husband, perhaps with excess of *pietas*, she speaks of another way, a different feeling for life born no doubt of fuller knowledge which would have found expression in her future work. Alas, the Fury with the abhorred shears decreed otherwise.

But while the delicacy and finish of Miss Arden's work reminds one of Katherine Mansfield, yet there is more sunshine and gaiety about it. The taste for short stories is like the taste for liqueurs. The flavour spreads slowly and insidiously over the tongue. It cannot properly be described in terms of something else. Either it is right or it is all wrong. Miss Arden's stories are like Benedictine. *Verb. Sap. Sat.*

S. H. H.

GRIST, by Edwin Carlile Litsey (Dorrance and Company; pp. 231; \$2.00).

TO pick up a book, with a Kentucky background, and find it filled with gypsies, monks, and highly emotional artists, instead of the time-honoured Southern gentlemen, Darkies, and blood-thirsty mountaineers, would seem strange if environment had anything to do with the story; fortunately for Kentucky's reputation, the small group of people, who prowl around one another until they come to a bad end, would be equally improbable in any setting.

The main character paints hectic pictures, indulges in wild dreams, and most opportunely times his final bow to coincide with the completion of his masterpiece, that 'would stand as a constant wonder to all beholders', but the beholder, who happened to know the artist's history, might also wonder, why his religious experience had, in the end, so little effect on his character.



The 1928 Nelson Lists announce many books which should have close attention

Lawrence and the Arabs

Robert Graves

All who have read "Revolt in the Desert" will be glad to have a connected and consecutive narrative of the events which that book relates in vivid but detached episodes. As a piece of literature, "Revolt in the Desert" is unique; as a narrative, it is disappointing because it tells nothing of the most important character in the story. A reading of Mr. Graves' book will send one back to "Revolt" with renewed interest and deeper understanding.

An extract from the author's introduction gives an interesting explanation of the book—

"Early this June I was invited by the Publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., to write a book about Lawrence. I replied that I would do so with Lawrence's consent . . . Shaw cabled his permission from India, and followed it up with a letter giving me a list of sources for my writing and saying that, since a book was intended about him, he would prefer it done by me.

I have his most generous permission to use copyright material both from "Revolt in the Desert" and from "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," a book that will not be issued for public sale in Shaw's lifetime.

With twenty-four illustrations and four maps in two colours . . . \$2.50

The Brontë Sisters

Ernest Dimnet

Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill

The passionate independence of Charlotte Brontë, the timid aloofness of Anne Brontë, and the daring genius of the most puzzling of the three sisters, Emily Brontë, are explained in this book, not in terms of the student of psychology, but in the language of one who has responded wholly to the vital humanness of their work.

The famous Heger letters, and the problems of Charlotte's interest in her French teacher are discussed here.

Andrew Lang in his "History of English Literature" says: "The best book on the Brontës is in French (Les Soeurs Brontë), by Ernest Dimnet" . . . \$2.25

Tolstoy: A Critical Study

Hugh L'Anson Fausset

In the earlier part of this book the author has explored Tolstoy's personality, as it unfolds itself in the self-confession of the novels and diaries; in the latter part he has examined his interpretation of Christianity and his criticism of art as expressions of his inner needs and frustrations. Throughout he has sought to reconstruct Tolstoy's moral problem on a psychological basis and to show the same unresolved conflict developing through his writings and his domestic life.

With four portraits reproduced in colotype . . . \$3.75

Beethoven: A Critical Study

J. W. N. Sullivan

The growth of Beethoven's inner life, being based on the profoundest human experiences, possesses an importance which is not subject to the fluctuations of fashion and taste. The essential content of his greatest music is a record of this growth. The author discusses Beethoven's music from this point of view, introducing only such biographical details as may be necessary for the argument. In addition he has given a theory of the value of music in order to make clear his system of interpretation . . . \$2.50

A Nelson 1928 descriptive catalogue will be sent promptly on application.

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THE WATER FRONT

Beyond my window vacant city lots
Stretch, gravel tinted,
To where the towers of a city lie
Against a smudged blue sky.

It is so still, with gentle smokes a-stir
And dreaming shadows,
And factory chimneys slit with light, and tall
Above a sun patched wall.

There is no echo in those silent roofs
Of those dark thousands
Treading the total of their sunless days
In its un-sunnied ways.

Beyond my window, suddenly, a gull
Soars, silver breasted,
Lifting and falling on a slow white wing,—
A free and futile thing.

D. M. SANDERS.

NIGHTFALL

All day within the winding gardens
I have paced, and in the maze,
And on the stones beside the water-lily pond:
All day the shadow on the dial has moved
A little further on its little round;
All day the clouds have wandered
Over the crystal, over the fragile, sky—
As idle fancies in me too have trailed
As idly through my sky, and been but clouds
To hide the clearer sky, or light
That only serves to hide a star.

But now the milky flower fades,
Is drooping, and the dark leaves fall;
The stars are moving in the waving glades
Like words of poems, crisp and sharp and small.

A. J. M. SMITH.



AN APPRECIATION

THE EDITOR, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

The January number just received comes out with some important reviews, one of them will save me the needful 'Cowrie shells' to pay for another year's visit from THE CANADIAN FORUM. I am under a sort of 'demoniac obsession' that keeps urging me to find out what the Economists are saying. However by diligent reading of all the book reviews that I can buy, beg, or borrow, I only get 'bit' once or twice in a season, hence my liking for the

present issue. It reviews several books that I was in a 'swither' of which to choose, and which one first. It is a great disappointment to buy a book, and find out that the author had very little to say, or else that what he did say had been said better several times in the past. Sometimes the review is more important than the book. You get the other man's reaction to a particular book and that may help you to a just opinion of the author. Mr. Donald MacGregor's article is very interesting. It should be carefully read as it shows the great difference of opinion held in regard to the cause or causes of the Business Cycle. We should realize that we are not living in an age of 'barter' exchange now. In a 'money' economic system of exchange, we cannot get something out of the barrel we did not put in. That is what we believe we can do. The complexity of the whole business system covers up the real connecting facts. Into the barrel we put present-day costs, out of it we are trying to extract in prices, present-day costs plus a profit plus a percentage of far past costs, and 'it can't be did'. Throwing into the barrel the costs of new developments helps out the collection for the time being, but also further complicates the problem. In one stage of the so-called 'Business Cycle' we expand, build unneeded plant, and in the other phase of it, contract and scrap the poorest part of our plant. There is no place for an individualistic system of business to prosper in a society where everyone is dependent on everyone else; you must make your philosophy of business fit the facts. We are trying to run a co-operative production system on competitive ideas—that is why we have Trusts. They are an endeavour to get rid of competition in particular lines of production. When the Trusts are all formed they will still have the big problem to solve. How to put into the barrel as much as they intend to take out. In the 'Economic Mist' in which we have been wandering since the time of the first economist, there is need to dissect the actual organs of prosperity, where the disease certainly lies, which is certainly more important than observation of its outward effects. So with a wish for a better year for THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Yours, etc.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Lafayette, Sask.



THE AUTHOR OF JEW SUSS.

DR. Leon Feuchtwanger has been in London as guest of the P.E.N. Club during the past week, and last Tuesday night was to be seen with Arnold Bennett on his right at the December dinner of that lively literary society. The custom of the P.E.N. Club is to have very brief speeches, and Dr. Feuchtwanger's response to the toast drunk in his honour was one of the briefest. His German accent gave a pleasant colour to what he said, and his references to standing on an island like England, and to dipping spoonfuls from the great ocean of

human wisdom, were just enough out of the ordinary colloquial idiom to remind us that after all, Europeans do not look at art or the British Isles as we do. In his portraits, the author of *Jew Süss* reminds us of a French *abbé* with a German difference—clean-shaven, his hair close-cropped in German style, and wearing round spectacles. Actually, he is slight, frail and small, and by no means robust in health. In a recent *causerie* on current authors he delivered himself of some *obiter dicta* which are worth comment, especially so far as they refer to the novel of to-day. The present distaste for anything emotional or over-subjective, he said, 'means that the historical novel has come into the limelight, as a representation of certain solid, verifiable acts. Before history uses the newer methods of cataloguing sociologically and biologically, the novel uses them experimentally.' He went on to speak of the English novelists who are read in Germany to-day and mentioned particularly Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad and Arnold Bennett. 'Indeed,' he added, 'these are known throughout all Europe.' Of the American novelists, he named Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, and Joseph Hergesheimer. He spoke significantly of the dropping out of some famous names from the current register. 'For instance, Dostoevski,' he said, 'only roused a cold admiration next to something like aversion, while Tolstoy, stormy assent or dissent.' These views are interesting because they show us the interplay of ideas, and the change of literary fashions, which affect London and Berlin.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN 1927.

At the end of a year we are always tempted to indulge in a summary reckoning up of its literary achievements. In a recent pronouncement upon the novels of the year Mr. Hugh Walpole, himself an admirable current practitioner, gives it as his opinion that the finest novel of 1927 has been *To the Lighthouse*, by Mrs. Virginia Woolf. Curiously enough, the two runners-up he chooses are also by women writers, viz., *A Lovely Ship*, by Storm Jameson and *Dusty Answer*, by Miss Rosamond Lehman. With these he mentions *Portrait of Clare*, by F. Brett Young. But he revises our judgment on Miss Lehman's book, so far as to say it is notable as being a first novel, although it is not one that shows any 'extraordinary promise.' Among short stories he mentions Arnold Bennett's new book, 'not one of his best,' and Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Redeemed*. It is surprising that Mr. Walpole does not place Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's *Gallion's Reach* higher in the list, and the same might be said of C. E. Montague's *Right Off the Map*. These critical estimates are not meant of course to be a final judgment, but they serve to show how the present currency is tending.

G.K.C. ON ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. Chesterton is one of our recognized London institutions, counting not only as a joyous book-taster and critic, but as a typical man of letters at large. He has from time to time added some words to the repertory of criticism, and others which might be included in the new dictionary which remains to be made of literary *argot*. In the Stevenson book he deals characteristically with Stevenson's taste of what he calls Skeltery, which takes us back to the days of 'A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured.' There is no need to give a summary of the book, but it is significant because many of our younger writers who swear by Mr. George Moore and later writers, declare that the author of *Treasure Island* is to all effects and purposes a back-number. But this is only a *coterie* judgment, and meanwhile Stevenson's books seem to go on selling as merrily as ever, and *Treasure Island* itself made into a Christmas play is to run for several weeks at one of the outlying theatres. The fact is if following the fickle London taste we decide to put on one side Stevenson's poems, his essays, and what we may call his bric-a-brac, there yet remains in his stories a spell which holds him secure in the hearts of the city public. Those who love a good story incomparably well told, though it be here and there a little modish, or seem even to be a bit dated, will still turn to *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Catriona* and the rest of that gallant company. When I met Mr. Chesterton the other evening (at a dinner of the *To-morrow Club*), he was quite in his old form and jested with much gusto over the fashions of yesterday that are sometimes revived the day after to-morrow. He did not seem to be at all repentant about his love for some of the old Victorians, Dickens, Thackeray, and the rest of them, and he proved in a speech after dinner that if in spite of all temptations to break with the old tradition, we still keep our belief in it, we shall be the better able to carry on in finding the new dialect in verse or in prose, for a new time.

THE QUESTION OF ANTHOLOGIES.

The other day a well-known London writer gave it out with a certain *impressement* that the day of the anthology was over. We were not quite convinced perhaps, and this season we have had more anthologies than ever. Some of these are obviously following up the old lyric line of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. Others break comparatively new ground. In the list of what are technically called 'best sellers,' in one Sunday paper last week, an anthology called *The Tree Book*, compiled by Mrs. Georgina Mase, stood at the head. This, no doubt, was partly due to the freshness of the treatment, and to the arborial

idolatry of English folk. Another, *A Celtic Anthology*, edited by Mrs. Grace Rhys, again broke new ground and revealed for the first time some of the lyric treasures that have hitherto been imprisoned in the Celtic tongues. A third book which signals a return to the prime and the pattern of all anthologies, bears a title which is not at first self-explanatory. This is Mr. Humbert Wolfe's book, *Others Abide*, which represents his own brave and often very beautiful renderings from the Greek Anthology. We ought to say while we are casting back over the year's record, that Mr. Wolfe is the one new poet who has convinced both the smaller and the greater reading public that he has in him a drop of the true poetic essence. His versions of Meleager, Simonides, and again of Simmias, stick in the mind and ear of the reader after he has put the book down, and that is always a good practical test. Meanwhile, rumours of other books from the same source are in the air. Mr. Shane Leslie whose promised book on Swift is likely to set some of the older Swifteans exclaiming aloud, has been for some years working at prose versions from the Greek Anthology, and some of those that I have seen promise a contribution of unusual quality.

BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

Mr. Philip Guedalla has been writing again about the extraordinary vogue since the War, and more especially this year, of books of personal reminiscences and others that come under the head of biography. It is impossible, of course, that more than two or three out of this huge batch can survive as anything more than books of historical reference, and it is remarkable that the ordinary biographer who has had rich personal experiences, is so little able to realize them with anything like a Boswellian reality. It will be the more curious to see what an autobiographer who has not been a great soldier, or a diplomat, or a distinguished author, but simply a patriot publisher, will make of his confession-book. Among the volumes which we may hope to see fairly soon in the New Year is the volume of autobiographical memoirs by the late publisher of Everyman's Library, Mr. Joseph Malaby Dent. Originally, he wrote these reminiscences purely for his own circle, and they were printed privately in a volume which should become presently almost as rare as *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. The book as now completed, will, however, contain much fuller material than the old, with an interesting selection from Mr. Dent's letters to and from his friends, some added reminiscences by those who knew him, and finally, special additions by his son, Mr. Hugh Dent, who is acting as editor of the volume.

ERNEST RHYS.



CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

JUST as some newspapers appear to think that a woman's page must contain no glimmerings of intelligence, so do certain theatrical managers cling to the notion that an offering intended for children has to be as puerile as they can possibly make it. That fact was brought to mind again by the recent visit to Canada of an English pantomime, *Aladdin*, which travelled from the east to the west and back again, receiving a certain amount of praise and applause on the way. A great many adults said that it was a foolish affair but nice for the children. I have my doubts about that; I know that I should not have enjoyed it when I was a boy. At the age of make-believe, most of us possess a peculiar blending of imagination and realism. We want some illusion, and illusion appears to be exactly the thing that a pantomime does not possess. How many of us can think for a moment that the plump lady, known as the principal boy, is really one of the heroes, Aladdin, Robin Hood, or Sinbad the Sailor, drawn from child lore? Young people like their romance to be taken seriously, and the pantomimes do not take seriously the fine old stories that they dramatize. I am quite certain that a great many children who laugh at a pantomime are feeling just a little bit sick that the clowning should be making nonsense out of stories that they have always regarded as important.

The pantomime is a British institution, and the British are loyal to their institutions. They keep on doing a thing because of the sentimental glamour that surrounds it. I once knew an English family in which the children had always been given a cocoanut on their birthdays. As they grew older, they ceased to care for the flavour of cocoanuts, but they would not have considered a birthday complete without one of the round, brown, shaggy things among their presents. The pantomime is a sort of Yuletide cocoanut. It is another English trait that favourite things never seem to pall. In how many English homes do they read *A Christmas Carol* as regularly as Christmas comes round: in an American home ('America is a continent not a nation'), something new is wanted for every celebration. National characteristics of that sort may explain the continued popularity of the pantomime; it has survived all the other theatrical fashions of the nineteenth century. But while *Aladdin* prospered in its Canadian

tour, I do not think that it could repeat. Many Canadians went to see it out of curiosity, and felt that it was a very weak, noisy, and rather depressing extravaganza, the sort of thing that Fred Stone does so much better. They would not care to go again, even to take their children. English Christmas pantomime does not transplant to Canadian soil.

Several weeks ago, I noticed an interview with one of the most prominent London managers in which he made the statement that the popularity of the pantomime is on the wane. He predicted a steady decrease in the number of annual pantos, and an increase in the other types of Christmas entertainments for children, like *Peter Pan*. Most of us feel a pang at the sight of the passing of a traditional institution, and yet it is very probable that the children of the future would welcome the change. We need not weep for them. An adequate performance of *Treasure Island* would possess a much greater thrill, than the comic-strip prancings of the Widow Twanky, played with a broad Cockney accent.

Most of us have noticed that in children's literature, the books they like best are those that they continue to read after they have grown up. Hans Andersen remains the ranking writer of fairy tales, and yet it takes an adult to feel all the beauty of Andersen. You and I knew our Alice by heart long before we could fully appreciate the inimitable nonsense of Lewis Carroll. First we loved the books, and then, as we grew older we began to understand them. Every mother who reads aloud the poetry of A. A. Milne to her enthralled children enjoys delicate and humorous fancies that are quite over their heads. In the field of drama, the same thing is true; of that, I am certain. The entertainment that has something in it for the intelligent adult will wear best with the little folk. If the pantomime ultimately disappears, it will be on account of the fatuity of its contents. Children will refuse to have their grown-ups tell them any longer that that is the sort of thing they want. They will prefer shows with something more to them, as I heard one small boy say after a pantomime. One of the best productions for the young ever staged on this continent was a dramatization of *Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs*, and Winthrop Ames put it on with all the qualities that the best adult theatre-goers demand—good taste, beauty, imagination, and subtle humours. I am positive that children have an instinctive liking for those qualities too, but they do not get them in pantomime any more than they get illusion. And it will not make prigs of our boys and girls to cultivate their tastes along the lines of *The Blue Bird* rather than *Aladdin*, in which a fat feminine hero plays second fiddle to a masculine Widow Twanky.

FRED JACOB.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY THE REPARATIONS ISSUE*

By W. K. GIBB.

GERMANY is now upon her fourth year of the reparation scheme as devised by the Dawes Committee in 1924. The Plan, which was mutually acceptable to the German and to the Allied Governments, has been in existence a sufficient length of time to bring to the fore certain problems which the experts indicated in their report. One of the most difficult questions and one which they emphasized very strongly is how far these internal payments which are to be raised under the plan can be safely converted, year by year, into foreign values for the benefit of the creditor Powers. The success of the whole scheme depends to a large extent on the ability with which this conversion is accomplished. Recent events have brought doubts as to whether the continued transfer of funds will not be seriously impeded within a short time.

The question of transfer was entrusted by the Plan to the Transfer Committee, consisting of five members from the principal Allied and Associated countries, with the Agent-General for Reparations payments acting as *ex officio* Chairman. To this Committee the plan gave the responsibility, on the one hand, of making the maximum possible transfers of reparation payments to the creditor Powers, and, on the other, of making those transfers without interfering with the stability of the German exchange. At the same time, the plan called on the German Government and the *Reichsbank* to facilitate in every reasonable way within their power the work of the Transfer Committee in making transfers of funds, including such steps as would aid in the control of foreign exchange, and provided certain safeguards against any 'concealed financial manoeuvres' that might be made to defeat transfers. It did not establish any general control over Germany's revenue and expenditures, but it created specific securities in the form of the controlled revenues, customs, beer, tobacco, alcohol, and sugar, and the charges on the German railroads, and industry, and provided for a measure of foreign participation in related German activities.

The aim of the plan was to put the problem of reparation to the test of practical experience, under a programme which would adjust itself to the realities of the situation. It is fundamental to this conception that the German Government should permit the plan to have a fair test, and while the test is in progress that the German Government itself should exercise prudence in the management of its affairs. When,

*The report of the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, XVII. December 10, 1927.

therefore, the Agent-General for Reparation Payments calls the attention of the Government to its policy of public expenditures as being likely to lead to a serious economic reaction and depression, the whole problem of transfer of funds is again called into question.

The evidence upon which Mr. Gilbert bases his criticism is the upward tendency of expenditures on the part of the *Reich* resulting in a decided deficit in the budgets. The fiscal year 1925-26 showed a deficit of 109.9 million *reichsmarks*, that of 1926-27 showed a deficit of 853.5 millions and the estimated deficit for 1927-28 is 856.4 millions. Owing to certain methods of accounting employed, these figures may be subject to some reduction, but the fact still remains that the German budget is far from being balanced. To cover these deficits, it has been necessary to resort to borrowing, loans of 466 million *reichsmarks* having been authorized for this purpose for 1927-28. In view of the importance attached to the stability of the budget by the experts, there is an element of danger in the situation.

What is the explanation of the mounting expenditures of the German Government? To a large extent it lies in the financial relations between the *Reich* and the States and Communes. The latter governing bodies derive a considerable portion of their revenues from the *Reich*. In 1926-27 there was transferred to them 2,625.6 million *reichsmarks*, an amount which constituted some 34% of the revenue of the *Reich* in that year. The States and Communes under the existing arrangement share on a fixed percentage basis certain of the revenues of the *Reich*—e.g., the income tax of which they receive 75%. As a result of growing economic activity, the *Reich* automatically divests itself of a great part of the increased yield of many of its principal taxes. The *Reich* has no control over the expenditures of the States and Communes. As a result, the latter feel no pressure for economy in expenditure that would certainly exist if theirs was the responsibility to levy the taxes necessary to meet their own expenditures. Relieved of this worry they have proceeded to spend freely even beyond their revenues. Borrowing has been resorted to on a large scale. Foreign issues of the States and Communes, and their associated public undertakings have amounted since the beginning of 1925 to the equivalent of about 1,600 million *reichsmarks*, approximately the same as the foreign loans of German business and industry.

The expenditures of the *Reich* are constantly rising, which fact makes it difficult to induce the States and Communes to bring their budgets into proper order, particularly at the time when the measures which the *Reich* itself has initiated may add very greatly to their expenditures and throw many of their

budgets still farther out of balance. A noteworthy example of proposed new expenditures is the move to increase the salaries of Government officials 18 to 25 per cent., which would cost the *Reich* 325 millions annually. If the States and Communes, the Postal Service, and the Railway, make the same increases, the total cost will be from 1,200 to 1,500 million *reichsmarks* annually. The Agent-General admits that it is not for him to express an opinion on the merits of these salary proposals, but he feels that the German Government could serve its own interests better by using such substantial increases as an instrument for securing the reform in administration which is so much needed.

In their effects on economic life, the measures taken by the *Reich* and other public authorities are tending strongly toward increased costs of production, increased prices, and increased cost of living. The result is to negative, in large measure, the benefits that might be expected to accrue from the process of rationalization which German business and industry have succeeded in carrying out since the stabilization of the currency. The tendency toward higher prices already exists, partly as a result of the high customs duties on imports of many staple products, and it would be greatly stimulated if, as now seems probable, the Government's salary proposals should lead on the one hand to demands for similar increases in general business and industry, and, on the other, to increased railroad tariffs, and the like. Manifestly, all these developments tend to raise the costs of production and thus to diminish the capacity of Germany to compete for export. As the experience of recent months has abundantly shown, they operate also on the other side of the German balance of payments, by greatly stimulating German imports from other countries. For the twelve months ended October 31, 1927, Germany's imports were 3,627 million *reichsmarks* in excess of her exports. Rising internal prices almost always have this effect, and under present conditions the tendency is enhanced by the additional purchasing power which is being placed in the hands of the public by the increasing expenditures of the *Reich* and the States and Communes.

The German Government in reply to Mr. Gilbert's memorandum has given solemn assurances of its intention to do everything within its power to fulfil its obligation under the plan, and has stated equally solemnly that it has not artificially restricted the possibilities of transfer, and that it has no intention of doing so. Whether the Government will give effect to these assurances will soon be apparent from the course of public expenditures and borrowing. Mr. Gilbert states in his report that allowances must be made from the inherent weakness of the transfer system by which the German authorities are pro-

tected from some of the consequences of their own actions, their obligation being only to raise the Reparation sums within the country. Moreover, the uncertainty as to the total amount of the reparation liabilities inevitably tends everywhere in Germany to diminish the normal incentive to do the things and carry through the reforms that would clearly be in the country's own interests. At present, the Allied Governments are not anxious to open this question, but it becomes always clearer that neither the reparation problem, nor the other problems depending upon it, will be finally solved until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility, without foreign supervision and without transfer protection.

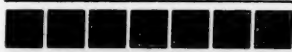


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